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REVISED  
THIRD  
READER

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*INDIANA STATE SERIES*

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# THIRD READER

REVISED BY

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*IN COLLABORATION WITH*

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**INDIANA THIRD B.**



## INTRODUCTION

IN choosing material for reading books to be used by pupils who have already acquired some facility in recognizing word forms, the purposes of the reading lesson must be clearly apprehended. These seem to be three: first, to inculcate a love for what is best and highest in literature; second, to train the child in correct habits of thought getting from the printed page; and, third, to train him in vocal expression.

If this statement of the purposes of the reading lesson is true, it must be evident that selections of a purely scientific character, and others that may be included under the general head of "information literature," should find small space in our readers. In these days, when every school-room is supplied with supplementary reading, there is no dearth of information material; and, therefore, it appears unfair to the child to insert very much of such material when space might be used to much greater advantage to supply him with selections that are more essentially literary. Again, early scientific training does not consist in reading about the facts of nature, but in coming into direct contact with them. Hence, the training in science should be of a practical kind, and not that derived from the perusal of facts set down on the printed page.

The scientific matter found in the third, fourth, and fifth readers of this series is inserted to afford the teacher an opportunity to train the pupils in the manner of using such selections, rather than to develop vocal expression. Every sentence should be carefully scanned, every statement made as concrete as possible by means of drawing, illustration, and the presentation of actual objects, and the class should be held responsible for the mastery of the facts, and not for definitions or repetition of phrases, the true meaning of which they have not grasped. By this method the necessity of the utmost care in the preparation of such lessons is impressed upon the class, to the great advantage of future supplementary reading in science and history.

Selections of an historical nature find a larger place in these readers. While this class of material may generally be included under the head of "information literature," it serves yet another purpose besides that of giving facts. It is here inserted mainly for its intrinsic interest. It is vital, direct, and especially stimulating to the imagination. Together with the scientific selections it will be found to afford excellent practice in training the pupil in careful and discriminating thought getting.

Much time and careful study have been devoted to choosing and arranging the selections. It should be helpful to the teacher to understand the principles that have guided in this choice and arrangement.

In the first place, and especially in the third and fourth readers, *subjective, introspective, reflective, literature has been almost entirely eliminated*. Young children have not had the experience to appreciate the spirit of such literature, and, therefore, the selections chosen are *objective, vital, and of intrinsic interest*.

This principle of selection having been settled upon, the next test naturally applied was, *Is the selection good literature for the children for whom it is chosen?* It is not to be forgotten that literature which is too far beyond the child may be, in its confusing and discouraging effect, as harmful as matter without vital interest or literary form.

These questions answered, the next point for consideration was *whether the literary style is sufficiently simple not to interfere with the child's pleasure in reading*. Perhaps the method of selection may best be shown by illustration. Longfellow's *Bell of Atri* is, as a whole, simple in spirit, and the story, told in prose, of great interest even to very young children; but the style is far beyond them. The suspended sense and the subordinate clauses of the opening paragraph render the reading of the lines so difficult that the results from teaching them would hardly justify the teacher's effort. If the spirit of a selection is within the grasp of the child, and the selection is of high literary merit and contains but one or two difficult sentences, it may justly find a place notwithstanding the difficulties; but where rhetorical obstacles are too frequent, it is deemed advisable to omit the selection altogether or to insert it later on. It



would be well to bear this statement in mind when the teacher discovers apparently simple selections in the later portions of the book.

It is also to be noted, that this same principle determines the place of material the style of which is simple, but the spirit of which is beyond the average child. *The Day is Done*, by Longfellow, is an example of this class of selections. The style is artistically simple, but the spirit is far beyond the young child. Reading this selection casually the adult will be very likely, especially if he is desirous of choosing good literature for children, to insert this poem in the fourth, and perhaps even in the third, reader. But what child of eleven or twelve years has felt coming over him the sadness that is not akin to pain? And how, therefore, can he appreciate the *effect* of the soothing melody that the poet craves to hear? What does he know of the cares that infest the day, in the sense in which Longfellow uses the words? It is true, we may teach the superficial meaning of the words (and herein lies the danger), but anything approximating a true interpretation of the poem is hardly possible for young children. It may be said again, if the spirit of only one or two stanzas of a poem is beyond the child, it would be well to insert it notwithstanding. But we must be careful to distinguish between poems of such a character and a poem like *The Day is Done*.

The lines descriptive of the churchyard, in *Paul Revere's Ride*, are beyond the experience of the average third or fourth grade child; and yet, since the poem as a whole is by no means difficult, is good literature, and particularly interesting, we may pass over the one difficult passage and return to it, if need be, at some future time. Such a course is preferable to omitting the difficult passage altogether.

The chief use of the reader is that it may serve as an introduction to the study of literature. The great majority of our children will never come into direct contact with any art but literature. They will never see great paintings and sculpture, and never hear great music adequately rendered. But what is best in English literature is within the reach of all. It is, then, the duty of our educational system to create a taste for what is best by putting the best into the hands

of children, and training them to enjoy it — not for the information it conveys, but for its influence upon their culture and their spiritual well-being.

The notes in this series serve chiefly two ends: to explain certain unusual terms and allusions, and to assist the teacher in bringing out the literary beauty and strength. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the proper use of these notes, which are intended not so much for the class as for the teacher. The utmost care must be observed not to turn poetry into prose. It is not so much the meaning of a line as its poetic significance that the child must grasp. Further, we must remember that the true definition of a word is not another word, but a picture. By keeping this in mind we may do much not only to enhance the child's pleasure, but to increase his vocabulary and power of expression. Lastly, let the teacher thoroughly master every selection before teaching it. If a selection contains many difficulties, it is well to clear these away, whenever possible, before even announcing the lesson. Mythological, historical, and scientific allusions and references may easily be brought in at almost any time during the day; the new words may be used by the teacher in the course of any lesson; and so, by the time the reading lesson comes, many obstacles may have been removed. Particular attention of all teachers is called to the notes on *Abou Ben Adhem* and the *Daffodils* in the third reader.

Within the narrow limits of an introductory chapter it is impossible to cover the wide field of vocal expression. Although the development of literary taste, with all that term implies, is the primary object of the reading lesson, we may not overlook the expressive side of reading. The teacher, therefore, should give special care to the oral expression, endeavoring to have it natural and, above all, full of meaning and appropriate feeling.

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# THIRD READER



## TWO BRASS KETTLES

MARA L. PRATT

UNTIL a few years ago, there stood in Dorchester an old Fort House — so it was called — which was built no less than two hundred and fifty years ago. It was an oddly built house of brick, and that encased in wood. It was built in this way as a protection from the Indians; in those days there was need that it should be.

There is many a story and legend connected with this old colonial house, but none more interesting than the story of the two great brass kettles that saved the children from an Indian, away back in those early times.

But how could two brass kettles save the children? You would never guess; but it



came about in this way: In the kitchen was a great window. It was half covered over with grapevines and was the pleasantest window in the whole house.

“How pretty the light comes through the leaves!” thought the trusty housemaid, who had been left at home this Sunday afternoon with the children while the rest of the family were at church. “And the orchards look” — But she started back with a cry of terror. Her face paled, her whole frame trembled so that she could hardly stand. “An Indian!” she gasped. “O what shall I do? The children! The children!”

In an instant a thought came to her. There were two great brass kettles in the kitchen — such as they used to hang in the wide open fireplaces. They had been scrubbed and polished only the day before, and there they lay, bottom upward, in the middle of the floor.

“The children! — under the kettles!” she whispered to herself; and before the children could dream of what had happened, she had seized them from their play, had crowded them under, and had clanged the

great heavy kettles down over them. "Keep still," she whispered, "don't make a sound." Then she rushed to the door, bolted it, and stood with the fire shovel awaiting attack. Poor girl! Little help would the fire shovel be if the Indian burst in the door with his cruel tomahawk. Still it was a weapon, and she stood there, brave girl that she was, ready to defend her master's children with her life, if need be.

"There is a gun upstairs," thought the maid. "I must have it! Children, be quiet," she whispered as she fled past them up the stairs. But the children, not understanding, and not enjoying their sudden imprisonment, set up a cry. "O children, children!" sobbed the maid. Just then the Indian appeared at the window.

"Ugh!" grunted he, staring at the kettles. "Ugh! ugh!" He had never seen anything like them. "Him speak," said he to himself, looking at them puzzled and half frightened.

"Me shoot," and lifting his gun, he aimed straight at the larger kettle. Bang! clang! went the shot, and the ring and echo of it



From the painting by G. H. Broughton.

## PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

filled the air. The babies screamed loudly and began to creep, kettles and all, across the kitchen.

"Him alive! him move!" cried the Indian, backing away from the window, his eyes staring, his face one picture of fear. "Ugh! ugh!" and throwing down his gun, he turned and fled. The maid aimed and fired at him, and away he ran across the orchard out of sight.

It was not long before the family returned. "What is it? What is it?" they cried, as the maid ran to meet them.

Poor girl! she could hardly tell them her story; but there were the little prisoners, and there was the Indian's gun outside the window.

"He may yet be on the grounds," said Mr. Minot, seizing the gun and starting forth in search.

The Indian was on the grounds; but he could do no further harm. They found his dead body not far from the house, by the brook, pierced through with a bullet; for the maid's aim had been truer than she had dared to hope.

The Indian was buried in the meadow near by, and the brass kettles — well, they were kept for years and years and years. The babies grew up, grew old, and died; their children grew up, grew old, and died; but the brass kettles were kept, and never was there a visitor to the house but the Indian story was told and the kettles shown to him.

— *From "Stories of Colonial Children," by permission of the Educational Publishing Company.*

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### THEY DIDN'T THINK

PHOEBE CARY

ONCE a trap was baited  
With a piece of cheese;  
It tickled so a little mouse  
It almost made him sneeze;  
An old rat said, "There's danger,  
Be careful where you go!"  
"Nonsense!" said the other,  
"I don't think you know!"  
So he walked in boldly —  
Nobody in sight;



First he took a nibble,  
Then he took a bite ;  
Close the trap together  
Snapped as quick as wink,  
Catching mousie fast there,  
'Cause hé didn't think.

Once a little turkey,  
Fond of her own way,  
Wouldn't ask the old ones  
Where to go or stay ;  
She said, " I'm not a baby,  
Here I'm half grown ;  
Surely, I am big enough  
To run about alone ! "  
Off she went, but somebody,  
Hiding, saw her pass ;  
Soon like snow her feathers  
Covered all the grass.  
So she made a supper  
For a sly young mink,  
'Cause she was so headstrong  
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin  
Lived outside the door,

Who wanted to go inside  
And hop upon the floor.  
“Oh, no,” said the mother,  
“You must stay with me;  
Little birds are safest  
Sitting in a tree.”  
“I don’t care,” said Robin,  
And gave his tail a fling,  
“I don’t think the old folks  
Know quite everything.”  
Down he flew, and kitty seized him,  
Before he’d time to blink.  
“Oh,” he cried, “I’m sorry,  
But I didn’t think.”

Now, my little children,  
You who read this song,  
Don’t you see what trouble  
Comes of thinking wrong?  
And can’t you take a warning  
From their dreadful fate  
Who began their thinking  
When it was too late?  
Don’t think there’s always safety  
Where no danger shows;

Don't suppose you know more  
Than anybody knows ;  
But when you're warned of ruin,  
Pause upon the brink,  
And don't go under headlong  
'Cause you didn't think.

---

### I LOVE YOU, MOTHER

JOY ALLISON

"I LOVE you, mother," said little John ;  
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell —  
"I love you better than tongue can tell."  
Then she teased and pouted full half the  
day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to  
play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan —  
"To-day I'll help you all I can ;  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep !"  
So she rocked the babe till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly, she took the broom,  
And swept the floor, and dusted the room ;  
Busy and happy all day was she —  
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“ I love you, mother,” again they said —  
Three little children going to bed ;  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?



### FREDERICK DOUGLASS

“ MAY the Lord pity my poor baby !” said a negro woman as she looked down into the little dark face by her side. She thought how hard her life had been, how many were the marks of the slave driver’s lash on her own body, how little she sometimes had to eat and to wear, and how very poor even that little was.

It was no wonder, as she looked into the little face on that morning eighty years ago, that she almost wished Heaven would take her boy while he was still a baby.

It was on a Maryland plantation that little Fred first learned to work beside his

mother. When he was six years old his mother died. Though she was, as her master said, "only a slave," there was no other person in the world who loved Fred as she did, and his little life seemed doubly hard when she was gone.

His only bed was the dirt floor of a hovel, and often, when the nights were cool, he would crawl head first into a meal sack, and put his feet in the ashes of the little fire on the floor, to keep warm. His only clothing in summer and winter was a sort of linen apron without any sleeves.

His master already had more slaves than he needed at home; so that when Fred was ten years old he was hired out. Do you suppose Fred got the money? No, he never saw any of it; all he got was his food and clothes, and poor indeed these often were.

When Fred was fifteen, his master sold him — sold him for money, just as people sell horses, cattle, and sheep. His new master was a shipbuilder. While with him Fred learned to read out of an old spelling book; and he was so anxious to learn to



write, that men and boys set copies for him on cellar doors.

He staid with his master six years. All this time the leaves and flowers seemed to whisper to him, "Freedom!" The little



birds that came to the master's garden for berries, and the squirrel that came for his share of corn, would look at the sad face of the little colored boy and say, "It is a glorious thing to be free!"

Over and over again, Fred said to himself,

“Have I not just as good a right to be free as my master’s son has? Why should I be bought and sold, driven and whipped, half fed and half clothed?”

In the days when Fred was a boy, no slave was allowed to leave his master and go where he wished. In some states, the laws would not allow any one to give food, clothing, shelter, or money to a slave who was running away. One morning there was a slave missing in the yard of the ship-builder. Fred had run away.

By day he hid in swamps and trees, lest some one might find him and take him back to his master. As evening came on he would leave his hiding place and creep along in the shadow of the woods. In the night, when there was little chance of his meeting people, he would come out upon the wagon road and walk until he could see the light in the east. As soon as it was day he hid himself in the woods.

Day after day he hid in the woods; night after night he walked, from evening until morning, and he always walked in one direction,—north. It was in the north he saw

the star of freedom. If he could only reach Canada! No slave master dare take him from that country.

After a long and weary time he reached New York, and finally Massachusetts, and here he found friends. Fred had a fine voice, and these kind people persuaded him to make speeches in favor of the freedom of the slaves. He even wrote a book giving the whole of his life history; and then he went to England, and there told the English people the story of his life as a slave, and how he had run away.

But he was not yet a free man. The English people gave him seven hundred and fifty dollars to send to his old master, the shipbuilder, to pay for his freedom; and one of the happiest days in his life was when he returned from England and landed in the United States a free man. It was just what the flowers, the birds, and the squirrels whispered to him so long ago!

This boy grew to be an old man, and lived in a beautiful home in Washington. He wrote much, held offices under the United States, and in every place showed

himself a true and noble man. Could his mother have known that her little baby would some day be one of the most honored and best known of his race, how much comfort it would have given her!

Do you not think we can all learn a lesson from this little colored boy, who was a slave, who had no home such as we have, who never saw the inside of a schoolhouse until long after he was a man, and yet who did so much for himself and for others?

---

“ONE, TWO, THREE”

H. C. BUNNER

It was an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy who was half-past three,  
And the way that they played together  
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,  
And the boy, no more could he;  
For he was a thin little fellow,  
With a thin, little, twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,  
Out under the maple tree;

And the game that they played I'll tell you  
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide and Go Seek they were playing,  
Though you'd never have known it to be —  
With an old, old, old, old lady,  
And a boy with a twisted knee.



The boy would bend his face down  
On his one little sound right knee,  
And he'd guess where she was hiding,  
In guesses One, Two, Three!



“ You are in the china closet ! ”

He would cry, and laugh with glee.  
It wasn't the china closet ;  
But he still had Two and Three.

“ You are up in papa's big bedroom,  
In the chest with the queer old key ! ”  
And she said : “ You are warm and warmer ;  
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“ It can't be the little cupboard  
Where mamma's things used to be,  
So it must be the clothespress, grandma ! ”  
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,  
That were wrinkled and white and wee ;  
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,  
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,  
Right under the maple tree —  
This old, old, old, old lady,  
And the boy with a lame little knee ;  
This dear, dear, dear old lady,  
And the boy who was half-past three.

## THE ANXIOUS LEAF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground." The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves

around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

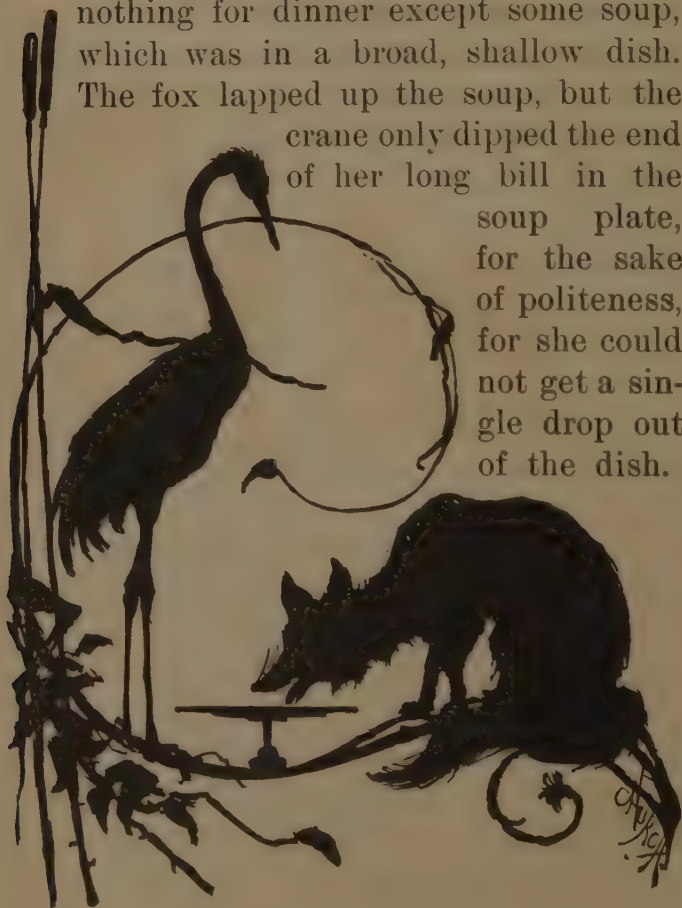
"We must keep on our work clothes," said the branches, "for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

—From "Norwood," by permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

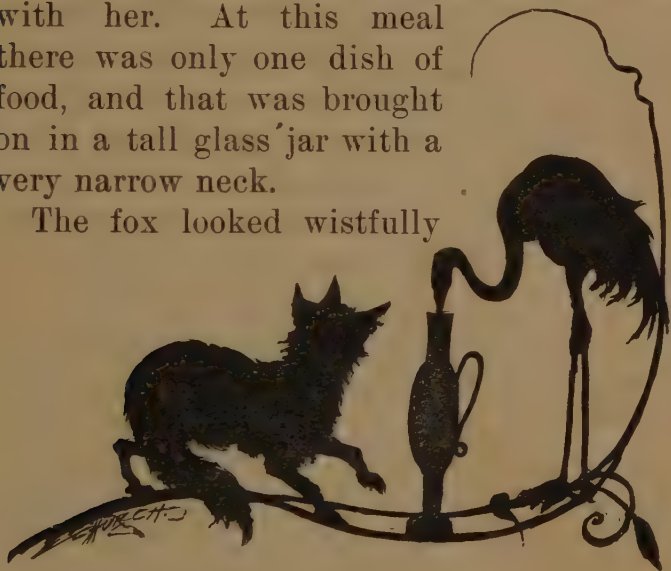
## FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE CRANE

ONCE upon a time, a fox asked a crane to dine with him. The cunning fox had nothing for dinner except some soup, which was in a broad, shallow dish. The fox lapped up the soup, but the crane only dipped the end of her long bill in the soup plate, for the sake of politeness, for she could not get a single drop out of the dish.



The wise old crane said nothing, but in a few days asked the fox to take supper with her. At this meal there was only one dish of food, and that was brought on in a tall glass jar with a very narrow neck.

The fox looked wistfully



on while the crane put her long bill into the jar and ate up the supper. The fox, although he was very hungry, could not even get a taste. He looked on and licked his jaws, but he knew that he had no room to find fault with his friend; for the crane had only paid him back in his own coin. Every one that heard about it said that he had been rightly served.

## A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

BAYARD TAYLOR

LITTLE one, come to my knee !

Hark how the rain is pouring  
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,  
And the wind in the woods a-roaring !

Hush, my darling, and listen,

Then pay for the story with kisses :  
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,  
In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,

Where the wild men watched and waited ;  
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,  
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together

Came down, and the wind came after,  
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,  
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,

Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —  
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,  
And a sheltering rock behind it.



There, from the blowing and raining,  
Crouching, I sought to hide me :  
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,  
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened :  
I and the wolf together,  
Side by side, through the long, long night,  
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;  
Each of us warmed the other;  
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,  
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest  
No longer crashed in warning,  
Each of us went from our hiding place  
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment !  
Hark, how the wind is roaring ;  
Father's house is a better place,  
When the stormy rain is pouring !

— *By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

## THREE BUGS

ALICE CARY

THREE little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two!  
And one was yellow and one was black,  
And one like me or you.  
The space was small, no doubt, for all;  
But what should three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two;  
And all were selfish in their hearts,  
The same as I or you;  
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the  
bread,  
And that is what we'll do."

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And the beds but two would hold;  
So they all three fell to quarreling,  
The white, the black, and the gold;  
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,  
And one was out in the cold!

So he that was left in the basket,  
Without a crumb to chew,

Or a thread to wrap himself withal  
When the wind across him blew,  
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,  
And so the quarrel grew!

And so there was war in the basket.

Ah, pity 'tis, 'tis true!

But he that was frozen and starved at last  
A strength from his weakness drew,  
And pulled the rugs from both of the bugs,  
And killed and ate them too!

Now, when bugs live in a basket,  
Though more than it well can hold,  
It seems to me they had better agree,  
The white and the black and the gold;  
And share what comes of the beds and the  
crumbs,  
And leave no bug in the cold.

— *By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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### HOW A DOG GOT HIS DINNER

IN a town in the south of France, twenty poor people were served with dinner, at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the place was always present at this

meal, to watch for the scraps that were now and then thrown to him.

The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and, of course, not very liberal. So the poor dog hardly did more than smell



the feast, of which he would have liked a share.

Now, it happened that this dinner was served out to each one on his ringing a bell; but, as the person who served the dinner handed it through a small opening, he did not see who received it.

One day the dog, having himself got very little to eat, reached up, took hold of the rope by his teeth, and rang the bell. A good dinner was at once handed out, and the dog ate it with great delight.

The rogue was at length found out, but it was thought so clever a trick for a dog, that he was allowed to take his regular turn at the dinner every day. And thus he went on for a long time, ringing the bell, and taking his meal with the other beggars.

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### HARRY'S RICHES

MARY MAPES DODGE

ONE day our little Harry spent the forenoon with his young playmate, Johnny Crane, who lived in a fine house, and on Sundays rode to church in a grand carriage.

When Harry returned home he said, "Mother, Johnny has money in both his pockets!"

"Has he, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; and he says he could get ever so much more if he wanted it."

"Well, now, that's very pleasant for

him," I said; "very pleasant. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am, only" —

"Only what, Harry?"

"Why, he has a big popgun, and a watch, and a hobbyhorse, and lots of things," said Harry.

"Well, my boy, what of that?"

"Nothing, mother; only I think we are very poor, aren't we?"

"No, indeed, Harry; we are very far from being poor. We are not so rich as Mr. Crane's family, if that is what you mean."

"O mother!" insisted the little fellow, "I do think we are *VERY* poor; anyhow, *I* am!"

"O Harry!"

"Yes, ma'am, I am," he sobbed; "I have scarcely anything — I mean anything that's worth money — except things to eat and wear, and I'd have to have them anyway."

"*Have* to have them?" I said, at the same time laying my sewing upon the table, so that I might talk with him on this point; "do you not know, my son" —



Just then Uncle Ben looked up from the paper he had been reading. "Harry," said he, "I want to find out something about eyes; so if you will let me have yours I will give you a dollar apiece for them."

"For MY EYES!" exclaimed Harry, very much surprised.

"Yes," said Uncle Ben, quietly, "for your eyes. I will give you something so it will not hurt you, and you shall have a beautiful glass pair for nothing, to wear in their place. Come, a dollar apiece, cash down! What do you say? I will take them out as quick as a wink."

"Give you my eyes, uncle!" cried Harry, looking wild at the very thought, "I think not!" and the little fellow shook his head.

"Well, five, ten, twenty dollars, then?" Harry shook his head at every offer.

"No, sir! I wouldn't let you have them for a thousand dollars! What could I do without my eyes? I couldn't see mother, nor the baby, nor the flowers, nor the horses, nor anything," added Harry, growing warmer and warmer.

"I will give you two thousand," said

Uncle Ben, taking a roll of bank notes out of his pocket. But Harry said that he never would do any such thing.

"Very well," his uncle went on, at the same time writing something in his notebook, "I can't afford to give you more than two thousand dollars, so I shall have to do without the eyes; but," he added, "I will tell you what I will do; I will give you twenty dollars if you will let me put a few drops from this bottle into your ears. It will not hurt, but it will make you deaf. Come quickly, now. Here are the twenty dollars all ready for you."

"Make me DEAF!" shouted Harry, without even looking at the gold pieces. "You will not do that, either. Why, I couldn't hear a word if I were deaf, could I?"

"I suppose not," replied Uncle Ben. So, of course, Harry refused again. He would never give up his hearing, he said, "no, not for three thousand dollars."

Uncle Ben made another note in his book, and then came out with large bids for "a right arm," then "left arm," "hands," "feet," "nose," ending with an

offer of ten thousand dollars for "mother," and five thousand for "the baby."

To all of these offers Harry shook his head. At last Uncle Ben said he must give up, for Harry's prices were too high.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the boy, and he folded his arms, and looked as if to say, "I'd like to see the man who could buy them."

"Why, Harry, look here!" said Uncle Ben, looking into his notebook. "Here is a big sum, I tell you." The numbers amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars.

"There, Harry," said Uncle Ben, "do you not think you are foolish not to take some of my offers?"

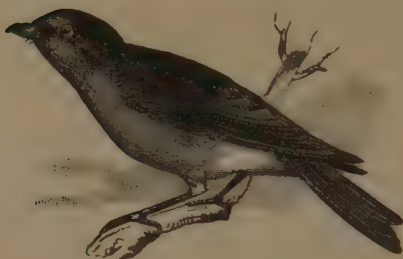
"No, sir, I don't," answered Harry.

"Then," said Uncle Ben, "you talk of being poor; and by your own showing you have things for which you will not take thirty-two thousand dollars. What do you say to that?"

Harry didn't know what to say, and just then tears came rolling down his cheeks, and he threw his chubby arms around my neck. "Mother," he whispered, "isn't God good to make everybody so rich?"

## THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER



I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging;  
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary,  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out of his throat!  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's  
saying,  
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

“ Dear little blossoms, down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer!  
Summer is coming! and springtime is here!

“Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus! come, open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;  
Daffodils! daffodils! say, do you hear? —  
Summer is coming! and springtime is  
here!”

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### HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN

SUSAN COOLIDGE

I'LL tell you how the leaves came down.

The great Tree to his children said:

“You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.

It is quite time to go to bed.”

“Ah!” begged each silly, pouting leaf,

“Let us a little longer stay;

Dear Father Tree, behold our grief!

'Tis such a very pleasant day,

We do not want to go away.”

So, for just one more merry day

To the great Tree the leaflets clung,

Frolicked and danced, and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among —

“ Perhaps the great Tree will forget,  
And let us stay until the spring,  
If we all beg, and coax, and fret.”  
But the great Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

“ Come, children, all to bed,” he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare Tree looked down and smiled.  
“ Good night, dear little leaves,” he said.  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, “ Good night,” and murmured,  
“ It is so nice to go to bed! ”



## CHASING A RAINBOW

GRACE GREENWOOD

ONE summer afternoon, when I was about eight years old, I was standing at a window looking at a beautiful rainbow which, bending from the sky, seemed to be losing itself in a thick, swampy wood about a quarter of a mile distant. It happened that there was no one in the room with me then but my brother Rufus, who had been sick, and was now just able to sit propped up with pillows in an easy-chair.

"See, brother," I said, "it drops right down among the cedars, where we sometimes go to gather wintergreens!"

"Do you know, Grace," said my brother, "that if you should go to the end of the rainbow, you would find there purses filled with money, and great pots of gold and silver?"

"Is it truly so?" I asked.

"Truly so," he answered.

Now I was a simple-hearted child, who believed everything that was told me,

although I had been again and again deceived. So, without another word, I darted out of the door, and set forth towards the wood. My brother called after me as loudly as he could, but I did not heed him.

I cared nothing for the wet grass which was soiling my clean dress; on and on I ran, sure that I would soon reach the end of the rainbow. I remember how glad and proud I felt, and what fine presents I expected to give to all my friends.

So thinking, and laying delightful plans, I soon reached the cedar grove; but the end of the rainbow was not there! I saw it shining down among the trees a little farther away; and so I struggled on, pushing my way through thick bushes and climbing over logs, until I came within sound of a stream which ran through the woods. Then I thought, "What if the rainbow should come down right in the middle of that deep, muddy brook!"

Ah! but I was frightened for my heavy pots of gold and silver! How should I ever find them there, and how should I get them

out? I reached the bank of the stream, but the rainbow was not there. I could see it a little way off on the other side. I crossed the brook on a fallen tree, and then ran on, though my limbs seemed to give way and my side ached from weariness.

The woods grew thicker and darker, the ground more wet and swampy, and I found, as many grown people have found, that in a journey after riches there is much hard traveling. Suddenly I met in my way a large porcupine, who made himself still larger when he saw me, just as a cross cat raises its back at a dog. Fearing that he would shoot his sharp quills at me, I ran from him as fast as my tired feet could carry me.

In my fright I forgot to keep my eye on the rainbow; and when at last I remembered and looked for it, it was nowhere in sight! It had quite faded away. When I saw that it had indeed gone, I burst into tears; for I had lost all my treasures, and had nothing to show for my journey but muddy feet and a wet and torn dress. I turned about, and set out for home,

But I soon found that my troubles had only begun; I could not find my way; I was lost! I could not tell which was east or west, north or south, but wandered about here and there, crying and calling, though I knew that no one could hear me.

All at once I heard voices shouting; and I was frightened, because I feared that Indians were after me. I crept under some bushes, close to a big log, and lay quite still. I was wet, cold, and miserable; yet when the voices came nearer I did not show myself.

At last I heard my own name called; but I had been told that Indians were very cunning, and thinking that they might have found it out in some way, I did not answer. Then there came a voice near me which sounded like that of my eldest brother, who had been away from home, and whom I had not seen for many months. But I could not believe that it was his voice.

Soon some one sprang upon the log by which I lay, and stood there calling. I could not see his face; I could only see

the tips of his toes, and I saw that he wore a pair of nice boots. Yet I knew that some Indians dress like white folks; and I kept quiet, until I heard shouted over me a pet name which this brother had given me.

I knew that no Indian had ever heard of that name, for it was a little family secret; so I sprang up and caught my brother about the ankles. No Indian could have given a louder yell than he gave then; and he jumped so that he fell off the log down by my side. But nobody was hurt; and after kissing me until he had kissed away all my tears, he lifted me upon his shoulder, called my brothers, who were hunting in other directions, and we all started for home.

I had been gone nearly three hours, and had wandered a long way from home. My brother Joseph's asking for me had first set them to looking for me. When I went into the room where Rufus sat, he said, "Why, my poor little sister! I did not mean to send you off on such a wild-goose chase to the end of the rainbow. I thought you would know that I was only quizzing you."

## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE mountain and the squirrel  
Had a quarrel,



Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

## A PAIR OF NUT CRACKERS

And the former called the latter "Little  
Prig";  
Bun replied,  
"You are doubtless very big;



But all sorts of things and weather  
Must be taken in together,  
To make up a year  
And a sphere.  
And I think it no disgrace  
To occupy my placé.  
If I'm not so large as you  
You are not so small as I,  
And not half so spry.  
I'll not deny you make  
A very pretty squirrel track;  
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut."

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## COMING AND GOING

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird

said, "Who told you to sing?" And he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" and he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered: "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By and by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them. Then the father bird sang a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father bird came home, the mother bird

said, "Oh, what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

Now the father bird sang longer and louder than ever. The mother bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father bird to the mother bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next.

Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest, and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought that the two old birds were talking and chattering and scolding the little birds to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it! And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not so bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

At last the wife-bird said : —

“ Why don't you sing ? ”

And he answered : —

“ I can't sing — I can only think and think ! ”

“ What are you thinking of ? ”

“ I am thinking how everything changes, — the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads ; the flowers are all gone, or going ; last night there was a frost ; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless, as if I would fly far away.”

“ Let us fly away together ! ”

Then they rose silently, and lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north, — far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south, — there they saw green leaves ! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter — where there was summer all the time ; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

— *From “ Norwood,” by permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert*

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all  
through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a  
mouse ;  
The stockings were hung by the chimney  
with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be  
there ;  
The children were nestled all snug in their  
beds,  
While visions of sugarplums danced in  
their heads ;  
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my  
cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long  
winter's nap ;—  
When out on the lawn there arose such a  
clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the  
matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the  
sash.



The moon on the breast of the new-fallen  
snow,

Gave the luster of midday to objects below,  
When, what to my wondering eyes should  
appear,

But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-  
deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they  
came,

And he whistled and shouted, and called  
them by name:

“Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer*  
and *Vixen!*

On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and  
*Blitzen!*

To the top of the porch! to the top of the  
wall!

Now dash away! dash away! dash away  
all!”

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane  
fly,

When they meet with an obstacle, mount to  
the sky;

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew

With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof

The prancing and pawing of each little hoof —

As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,

And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,

And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his  
teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like  
a wreath ;  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly  
old elf ;  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of  
myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to  
dread ;  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to  
his work,  
And filled all the stockings ; then turned  
with a jerk,  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a  
whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a  
thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out  
of sight,  
*"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good  
night !"*

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

A LONG time ago, on the night before Christmas, a little child was wandering alone through the streets of a great city.

No one seemed to notice him except Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and fingers. The north wind, too, saw the child, for it blew against him and went through his ragged clothes.

Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows, in upon glad, happy children. Nearly all of them were helping trim the Christmas trees for the coming morrow.

"Surely," said the child to himself, "where there is so much gladness some of it may be for me." So with timid steps he went up to a large, fine house. He saw through the window a Christmas tree with many presents hung upon it.

He rapped at the door. It was opened by a footman. He looked at the child for a moment, then shook his head and said: "Go down off the steps. There is no room for such as you here."

As the child turned back into the cold and darkness, he wondered why the footman had spoken so. Surely those children inside would like to have another join them in their play.

In one window the child saw a little lamb made of soft white wool. Around its neck was tied a red ribbon. He looked long at the beautiful things in this window, but most of all he looked at this white lamb.

A little girl came to the window and looked out into the dark street, where the snow had now begun to fall. She saw the child, but she shook her head and said: "Go away and come some other time. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark, cold street he turned again. The wind was whirling past him and seemed to say, "Hurry on, hurry on! We have no time to stop. 'Tis Christmas eve, and everybody is in a hurry to-night."

The hours passed; later grew the night, and colder blew the wind. The few people now upon the street did not seem to see the child, when suddenly, a long way ahead of him, he saw a bright, single ray of light.

He soon reached the end of the street, and went up to the window from which the light came. The room was plain but very clean. Before an open fire sat a lovely-faced mother with a two-year-old child upon her knee, and an older one beside her.

"What was that, mother?" asked the little girl at her side.

"I think it was some one tapping on the door. Run as quickly as you can and open it, for it is a bitter cold night to keep any one waiting in this storm. No one must be left out in the cold on our beautiful Christmas eve."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the ragged stranger standing outside, cold and shivering, with bare head and almost bare feet. She drew him in and put her arms around him.

"He is very cold, children. We must warm him, feed him, and give him some clothes." Then added the little girl, "And we must love him, and give him some of our Christmas, too."



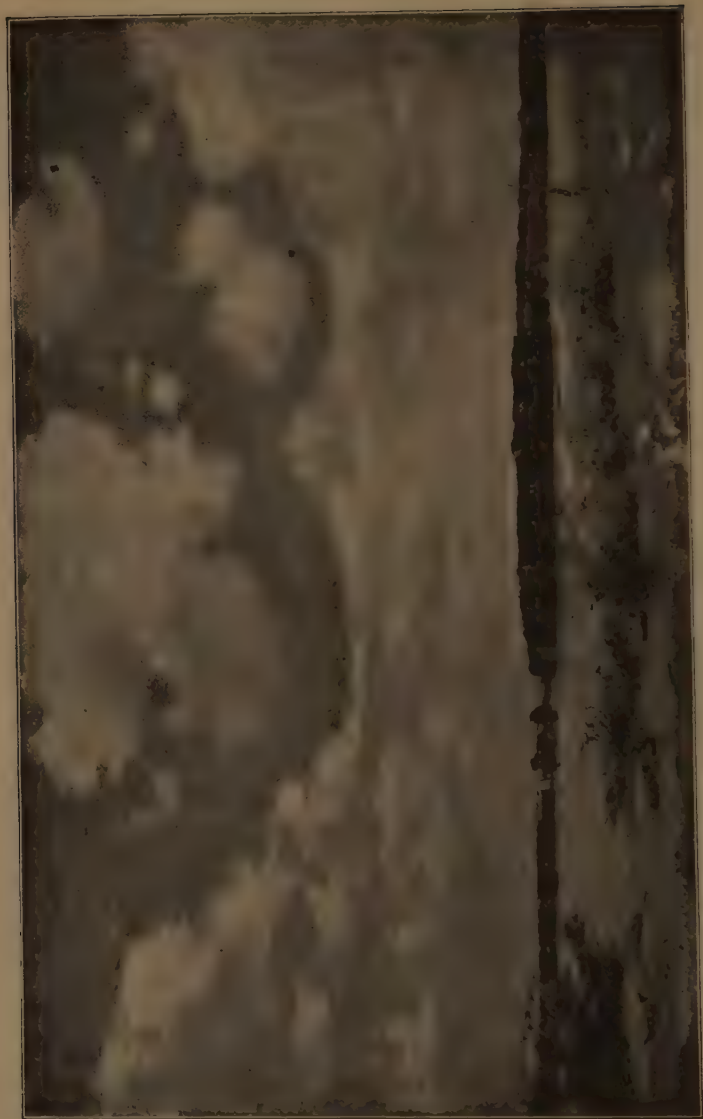
The mother sat down by the fire with the stranger on her lap. Her own two little ones warmed his half-frozen hands in their own, and she smoothed the golden curls, and bending over his head, kissed the child's face.

After he was warmed, and had eaten a bowl of bread and milk, the little girl said to her mother, "May we not light the Christmas tree, and let this little child see how beautiful it will look?"

So busy were they at the tree that they did not notice that the room was filled with a strange light. They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer sat. His rags had changed to clothes white and beautiful. His curls seemed like a golden light about his head, and his face—it was so bright they could scarcely look upon it.

They looked with wonder upon the child. With a sweet and gentle smile he looked upon them for a moment, then slowly rose and floated out of sight.

"O mother! it was the Christ Child, was it not?" and the mother said in a low tone. "Yes."



Painting by Charles Francis Browne.

A SUMMER DAY — VIEW OF BASS LAKE, INDIANA

And so they say each Christmas eve the little Christ Child wanders through some town, and only those who take him into their hearts and homes ever see this wonderful vision.

— *Adapted from the German.*

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### A SUMMER DAY

THIS is the way the morning dawns :  
    Rosy tints on flowers and trees,  
    Winds that wake the birds and bees,  
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns —  
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :  
    Gold on brook and glossy leaves,  
    Mist that melts above the sheaves,  
Vine, and rose, and buttercup —  
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the river flows :  
    Here a whirl and there a dance ;  
    Slowly now, then like a lance ;  
Swiftly to the sea it goes —  
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the rain comes down :  
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,  
Over roof and chimney top ;  
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown --  
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the daylight dies :  
Cows are lowing in the lane,  
Fireflies wink on hill and plain ;  
Yellow, red, and purple skies --  
This is the way the daylight dies.

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### THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

EDWARD LEAR

THE Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat:  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
“O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Oh! let us be married; too long we have  
tarried:

But what shall we do for a ring?"  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one  
shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."  
So they took it away, and were married  
next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand.  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

## HANS IN LUCK

JACOB AND WILHELM GRIMM

HANS had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up; I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homeward. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after the other, a man came in sight, trotting along gayly on a capital horse. "Ah!" cried Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot, then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulders sadly."



“What do you say to changing?” said the horseman; “I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver.” “With all my heart,” said Hans; “but I tell you one thing, — you’ll have a weary task to drag it along.” The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, “When you want to go very fast you must smack your lips loud and cry ‘Jip.’”

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips and cried, “Jip.” Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the roadside; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, “This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now once for all: I like

your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans, merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn he halted, and ate up all his bread; then he drove his cow toward his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now I will milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, wheeling a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher, as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughterhouse." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what would she be good for? I hate cow beef; it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig, now, one could do something with it; it would, at any rate, make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it away, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him. The next person he met was a countryman, carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what o'clock it was; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening. "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it, may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend, your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I have just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this

scrape; you know this country better than I; take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homeward free from care.

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing. Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it; but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh, I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said

the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Very true; but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear; I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it: will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? there's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; everything that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been traveling ever since daybreak;



he was hungry, too, and he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water and rest awhile; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I," cried he; "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

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### THE SWALLOW

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

FLY away, fly away over the sea,  
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;  
Come again, come again, come back to me,  
Bringing the summer and bringing the  
sun.

## THE MILL OF LIFE

J. A. BOWEN

THE Germans are a thrifty folk and steady  
is their toil,

In mart or shop or factory or delving in the  
soil.

They have a saying — wise it is, in memory  
hold it fast —

“The mill will never grind with the water  
that has passed.”

The plashing of the water wheel that turns  
the grinding stone

Goes on and on from early morn until the  
day is flown.

The miller says, “I may not stop, the water  
will not last,

And the mill can never grind with the water  
that is passed.”

The thrifty miller long has ground; well  
does that miller know,

Though now the water rushes fast, the  
stream will soon be low;

That grind he must, while grind he may, so  
is the adage cast,

“The mill will never grind with the water  
that has passed.”

Time is the water, of the stream, youth is  
the turning wheel,

And labor is the magic stone that grinds  
life's golden meal.

Take heed, O youth! grind while you may,  
the current can not last,

The mill can never grind for you with water  
that is passed.

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### FARMER JOHN

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

HOME from his journey, Farmer John

Arrived this morning safe and sound;

His black coat off, and his old clothes on,

“Now I'm myself,” said Farmer John;

And he thinks, “I'll look around.”

Up leaps the dog: “Get down, you pup!

Are you so glad you would eat me up?”

The old cow lows at the gate to greet him;

The horses prick up their ears to meet him.



Painting by J. F. Herring.

## THE FARMYARD

“ Well, well, old Bay !

Ha, ha, old Gray !

Do you get good feed when I’m away ? ”

“ You haven’t a rib,” says Farmer John ;

“ The cattle are looking round and sleek ;

The colt is going to be a roan,

And a beauty, too ; how he has grown !

We’ll wean the calf in a week.”

Says Farmer John, “ When I’ve been off,

To call you again about the trough,

And water you and pet you while you drink,

Is a greater comfort than you can think ! ”

And he pats old Bay

And he slaps old Gray ;

“ Ah ! this is the comfort of going away.”

“ For after all,” says Farmer John,

“ The best of a journey is getting home :

I’ve seen great sights, but I would not give

This spot, and the peaceful life I live,

For all their Paris and Rome ;

These hills for the city’s stifled air,

And big hotels and bustle and glare ; —

Land all houses and roads all stones,

That deafen your ears and batter your bones !

Would you, old Bay?  
Would you, old Gray?  
That's what one gets by going away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John,  
"That happiness is not bought and sold,  
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,  
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,  
And wealth isn't all in gold,  
Mortgage and stocks, and ten per cent,  
But in simple ways and sweet content,  
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,  
Some land to till, and a few good friends,  
Like you, old Bay,  
And you, old Gray, —  
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John, —  
Oh a rich and happy man is he!  
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,  
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,  
And fruit on vine and tree;  
The large kind oxen look their thanks,  
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their  
flanks;  
The doves light round him, and strut and  
coo;

Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too, —  
And you, old Bay,  
And you, old Gray,  
Next time I travel so far away."

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### THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER

HELEN HUNT JACKSON ("H. H.")

How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? It is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a great pine tree, high up on a hillside. The hillside was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and this is higher than most mountains. But this hillside was in Colorado; so there was nothing wonderful in its being so high.

I had watched the great mountains with snow upon them, and the forest of pine trees — miles and miles of them — so close together that it looks as if one might lie down upon their tops and not fall through.

My eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles away;



so I looked down upon the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants, which were running about everywhere, as busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw under a tuft of grass a tiny caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a strange way; in a second more I saw an ant seize him and begin to drag him off.

The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you are not strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

Why, it was about the same as if you should drag a heifer which was kicking all the time; only a heifer has not half as many legs with which to catch hold of things as the caterpillar had.

Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to get a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too.

to drag him on his side, so that he could not use his legs very well.

Up and down, under and over sticks and stones, in and out of tufts of grass, up to the top of the tallest blades and down again, over gravel and sand and across bridges of pine needles, from stone to stone, backward all the way, but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head foremost, ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him.

I watched him very closely, thinking of course he must be going toward his house.

Presently he darted up the trunk of the pine tree.

“What does this mean?” said I. “Ants do not live in pine trees.”

The bark of the tree was broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. He did not mind; down one side and up the other he went.

I had to watch very closely not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think he was merely trying to kill the caterpillar, — that perhaps he didn't mean to eat him

at all. How did I know but some ants hunt caterpillars, the same as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food?

If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered.

Just then my attention was diverted by a sharp cry overhead.

I looked up and saw an immense hawk sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after, pouncing down upon his head, then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what that meant. Mr. Hawk was trying to do some marketing for his dinner. He had his eyes on some little birds in their nest; and the father and mother birds were driving him away.

You would not have believed that two such little creatures could drive away such a creature as a hawk, but they did.

They seemed fairly to buzz around his head, as flies do around horses; and at last he flew off so far that he vanished in the sky, and the little birds came skimming home. "The little people are stronger than the great ones, after all," I said.

But where has my ant gone?

It had not been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared.

At last I found them, — where do you think? In a fold of my waterproof cloak, on which I was sitting. The ant had let go of the caterpillar and was running round and round him, and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers into the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever.

By this time the caterpillar was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of losing him; so he stopped a second now and then to rest.

Sometimes he would spring upon the

caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head.

It astonished me at first that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went their own ways, and did not so much as sniff at the caterpillar. But soon I said to myself, "Do you not suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people? When you passed Mr. Jones yesterday, you did not peep into his market basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps — I mean inches — to meet another ant who was coming towards him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and they got on finely.

It was only a few steps to the ant's house. The door was a round hole in the ground, about the size of my little finger. Several

ants were standing in the doorway watching these two as they came up with the caterpillar.

They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the doorsteps, and, almost before I knew hé was fairly there, they tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was the way the ants came running home from all directions. I do not believe there was any dinner bell rung, though there might have been a finer one than my ears could hear, but in less than a minute I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole.

I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves. I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick to see what had become of the caterpillar, but I thought it would not be quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to see how he cooked his beef for dinner. So I sat still awhile, wondering how they would serve him, and if they would leave any for Tuesday, and then went home to my own dinner.

## A FABLE OF CLOUD-LAND

ALICE CARY

Two clouds in the early morning  
Came sailing up the sky —  
'Twas summer, and the meadow lands  
Were brown and baked and dry.

And the higher cloud was large and black,  
And of a scornful mind,  
And he sailed as though he turned his back  
On the smaller one behind.

At length, in a voice of thunder,  
He said to his mate so small,  
“If I wasn't a bigger cloud than you,  
I wouldn't be one at all!”

And the little cloud that held her place  
So low along the sky,  
Grew red, then purple in the face,  
And then she began to cry!

And the great cloud thundered out again  
As loud as loud could be,  
“Lag slowly still, and cry if you will,  
I'm going to go to sea!



“The land doesn’t give me back a smile,  
I will leave it to the sun,  
And will show you something worth your  
while,  
Before the day is done!”

So off he ran, without a stop,  
Upon his sea voyage bent,  
And he never shed a single drop  
On the dry land as he went.

And directly came a rumble  
Along the air so dim;  
And then a crash, and then a dash,  
And the sea had swallowed him!

“I don’t make any stir at all,”  
Said the little cloud, with a sigh,  
And her tears began, like rain, to fall  
On the meadows parched and dry.

And over the rye and the barley  
They fell and fell all day,  
And soft and sweet, on the fields of wheat  
Till she wept her heart away.

And the bean-flowers and the buckwheat,  
They scented all the air,

And in the time of the harvest  
There was bread enough and to spare.

I know a man like that great cloud,  
As much as he can live,  
And he gives his alms with thunder loud,  
Where there is no need to give.

And I know a woman who doth keep  
Where praise comes not at all,  
Like the modest cloud that could but weep  
Because she was so small.

The name of the one the poor will bless,  
When her day shall cease to be  
And the other will fall as profitless  
As the cloud did in the sea.

— *By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

UP from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,  
The clustered spires of Frederick stand  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,  
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,  
On that pleasant morn of the early fall  
When Lee marched over the mountain  
wall, —

Over the mountains winding down,  
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,  
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” — the dust-brown ranks stood fast.  
“Fire!” — out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff  
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred  
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head  
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street,  
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost  
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell  
On the loyal winds that loved it well ;

And through the hill gaps sunset light  
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her ! and let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,  
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave !

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down  
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

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*Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.*

— Charles Kingsley.

## BLACK BEAUTY

ANNA SEWELL

A few years ago there appeared a book called "Black Beauty," and it was so good that thousands of people bought and read it. The name of the book is the name of a famous horse.

As a colt he belonged to Squire Gordon, an English gentleman, who was especially fond of horses. The horse's earlier years had strange experiences in them—one in which he saved the lives of his master and the coachman, John Manly; and another in which he was himself saved, by Joe Green, the faithful stableboy. Later in his life, "Black Beauty," having been injured by a drunken hunter, was sold and became a hard-working cab horse in London. And from this point in his history we will let "Black Beauty" tell his own story.

## THE HORSE'S STORY

I SHALL never forget my new master; he had black eyes and a hooked nose; his mouth was as full of teeth as a bulldog's, and his voice was as harsh as the grinding of cart wheels over gravel stones. His name was Nicholas Skinner.

Skinner had a low set of cabs and a low set of drivers; he was hard on the men, and the men were hard on the horses. Much as I had seen before, I never knew

until now the utter misery of a cab horse's life. In this place we had no Sunday rest, and it was in the heat of summer.

Sometimes on a Sunday morning a party of young men would hire the cab for the day; four of them inside and another with the driver, and I had to take them ten or fifteen miles out into the country, and back again; never would any of them get down to walk up a hill, let it be ever so steep, or the day ever so hot — unless, indeed, when the driver was afraid I could not manage it, and sometimes I was so fevered and worn that I could hardly touch my food. How I used to long for the nice bran mash with niter in it that Jerry used to give us on Saturday nights in hot weather, that used to cool us down and make us so comfortable. Then we had two nights and a whole day for unbroken rest, and on Monday morning we were as fresh as young horses again; but here there was no rest, and my driver was just as hard as his master. He had a cruel whip with something so sharp at the end that it sometimes drew blood, and he would even cut me under the



body, and flip the lash out at my head. Treatment like this took the heart out of me terribly, but still I did my best and never hung back; for it was no use; men are the strongest.

My life was now so utterly wretched that I wished I might drop down dead at my work, and be out of my misery; and one day my wish very nearly came to pass.

I went on the stand at eight in the morning, and had done a good share of work when we had to take a passenger to the railway. A long train was just expected in, so my driver pulled up at the back of some of the outside cabs to take the chance of a return passenger. It was a very heavy train, and as all the cabs were soon engaged ours was called for. There was a party of four; a noisy, blustering man with a lady, a little boy, and a young girl, and a great deal of luggage. The lady and the boy got into the cab, and while the man gave orders about the luggage, the young girl came and looked at me.

"Papa," she said, "I am sure this poor horse cannot take us and all our luggage so

far; he is so weak and worn out; do look at him!"

"Oh, he's all right, miss!" said my driver; "he's strong enough."

The porter, who was pulling about some heavy boxes, asked the gentleman, as there was so much luggage, whether he would not take a second cab.

"Can your horse do it, or can't he?" said the blustering man.

"Oh, he can do it all right, sir; send up the boxes, porter; he could take more than that," and he helped to haul up a box so heavy that I could feel the springs go down.

"Papa, papa, do take a second cab," said the young girl. "I am sure we are wrong; I am sure it is very cruel."

"Nonsense, Grace; get in at once, and don't make all this fuss; a pretty thing it would be if a man of business had to examine every cab horse before he hired it—the man knows his own business of course; there, get in and hold your tongue!"

My gentle friend had to obey; and box after box was dragged up and put on the

top of the cab, or settled by the side of the driver. At last all was ready, and with his usual jerk at the rein, and slash of the whip, he drove out of the station.

The load was very heavy, and I had had neither food nor rest since morning; but I did my best, as I always had done, in spite of cruelty and injustice.

I got along fairly till we came to Ludgate Hill, but there the heavy load and my own exhaustion were too much. I was struggling to keep on, when, in a single moment, — I can not tell how, — my feet slipped from under me, and I fell heavily to the ground on my side; the suddenness and the force with which I fell seemed to beat all the breath out of my body. I lay perfectly still; indeed, I had no power to move, and I thought now I was going to die. I heard a sort of confusion round me, loud, angry voices, and the getting down of the luggage, but it was all like a dream. I thought I heard that sweet, pitiful voice saying, "Oh, that poor horse! it is all our fault." Some one came and loosened the throat strap of my bridle, and undid the

traces which kept the collar so tight upon me. Some one said, "He's dead; he'll never get up again." Then I could hear a policeman giving orders, but I did not even open my eyes; I could only draw a gasping breath now and then. Some cold water was poured over my head, and some cordial was poured into my mouth, and something was covered over me.

I can not tell how long I lay there, but I found my life coming back, and a kind-voiced man was patting me and encouraging me to rise. After some more cordial had been given me, and after one or two attempts, I staggered to my feet, and was gently led to some stables which were close by. Here I was put into a well-littered stall, and some warm gruel was brought to me, which I drank thankfully.

In the evening I was a little better and was led back to Skinner's stables, where I think they did the best for me they could. In the morning Skinner came with a farrier to look at me. He examined me very closely, and said:—

"This is a case of overwork more than

disease, and if you could give him a run off for six months he would be able to work again; but now there is not an ounce of strength in him."

"Then he must go to the dogs," said Skinner. "I have no meadows to nurse sick horses in—he might get well or he might not; that sort of thing doesn't suit my business; my plan is to work 'em as long as they'll go, and then sell 'em for what they'll fetch."

"If he was broken-winded," said the farrier, "it would be better to have him killed at once, but he is not. There is a sale of horses coming off in about ten days; if you rest him and feed him up, he may pick up, and you may get more than his skin is worth, at any rate."

So Skinner, rather unwillingly, I think, gave orders that I should be well fed and cared for, and the stableman, happily for me, carried out the orders with a good will. Ten days of perfect rest, plenty of good oats, hay, and bran mashes did more to get up my condition than anything else could have done; those mashes were delicious, and I

began to think, after all, it might be better to live than go to the dogs. When the twelfth day after the accident came, I was taken to the sale, a few miles out of London. I felt that any change from my present place must be an improvement, so I held up my head and hoped for the best.

At this sale I found myself in company with the old, broken-down horses — some lame, some broken-winded, some old, and some that it would have been merciful to shoot. Coming from the better part of the fair I noticed a man who looked like a gentleman farmer, with a young boy by his side.

“There’s a horse, Willie, that has known better days.”

“Poor old fellow!” said the boy; “do you think, grandpapa, he was ever a carriage horse?”

“Oh, yes, my boy!” said the farmer; “he might have been anything when he was young; there’s a deal of breeding about that horse.” He put out his hand and gave me a kind pat on the neck. I put out my nose in answer to his kindness; the boy stroked my face.

•

“Poor old fellow! see, grandpapa, how well he understands kindness. Could not you buy him and make him young again as you did with Ladybird?”

So the kind old gentleman bought me, and I was then gently ridden home by a servant of my new master's, and turned into a large meadow with a shed in one corner of it.

Mr. Thoroughgood, for that was the name of my kind friend, gave orders that I should have hay and oats every night and morning, and the run of the meadow during the day, and “you, Willie,” said he, “must take the oversight of him; I give him in charge to you.”

The boy was proud of his charge. There was not a day when he did not pay me a visit. He always came with kind words and caresses, and of course I grew very fond of him. He called me Old Crony, as I used to come to him in the field and follow him about. Sometimes he brought his grandfather, who always looked closely at my legs.

“This is our point, Willie,” he would



say; "but, he is improving so steadily that I think we shall see a change for the better in the spring."

The perfect rest, the good food, the soft turf, and gentle exercise, soon began to tell on my condition and spirits. I had a good constitution from my mother, and I was never strained when I was young, so that I had a better chance than many horses who have been worked before they come to their full strength. During the winter my legs improved so much that I began to feel quite well again. The spring came round, and one day in March Mr. Thoroughgood said that he would try me in the phaeton. I was well pleased, and he and Willie drove me a few miles. My legs were not stiff now, and I did the work with perfect ease.

"He's growing young, Willie; we must give him a little work now, and by mid-summer he will be as good as Ladybird. He has a beautiful mouth, and good paces; they can't be better."

"O grandpapa, how glad I am you bought him!"

"So am I, my boy; but he has to thank

you more than me ; we must now be looking out for a quiet, genteel place for him where he will be valued."

One day during the summer the groom cleaned and dressed me with such great care that I thought some new change must be at hand ; he trimmed my fetlocks and legs, passed the tar brush over my hoofs, and even parted my forelock. I think the harness had an extra polish. Willie seemed half-anxious, half-merry, as he got into the chaise with his grandfather.

"If the ladies take to him," said the old gentleman, "they'll be suited, and he'll be suited ; we can but try."

At a distance of a mile or two from the village we came to a pretty, low house, with a lawn and shrubbery at the front, and a drive up to the door. Willie rang the bell and asked if Miss Blomefield or Miss Ellen was at home. Yes, they were. So, whilst Willie staid with me, Mr. Thoroughgood went into the house. In about ten minutes he returned, followed by three ladies. They all came and looked at me and asked questions. The younger lady — that was Miss

Ellen — took to me very much ; she said she was sure she should like me, I had such a good face. The tall, pale lady said that she should always be nervous in riding behind a horse that had once been down, as I might come down again.

“You see, ladies,” said Mr. Thoroughgood, “many first-rate horses have had their knees broken through the carelessness of their drivers, without any fault of their own, and from what I see of this horse I should say that is his case. If you wish, you can have him on trial, and then your coachman will see what he thinks of him.”

It was then arranged that I should be sent for the next day.

In the morning a young man came for me, and I was led to my new home, placed in a comfortable stable, fed, and left to myself. The next day, when my groom was cleaning my face, he said : —

“That is just like the star that ‘Black Beauty’ had ; he is much the same height, too ; I wonder where he is now.”

A little further on, he came to the place in my neck where I was bled, and where



Painting by Heymond Hardy.

## A BLACK BEAUTY

a little knot was left in the skin. He almost started, and began to look me over carefully, talking to himself.

“White star in the forehead, one white foot on the off side, this little knot just in that place;” then looking at the middle of my back — “and as I am alive, there is that little patch of white hair that John used to call ‘Beauty’s threepenny bit.’ It *must* be Black Beauty! Why, Beauty! Beauty! do you know me? little Joe Green, that almost killed you?” And he began patting and patting me as if he was quite overjoyed.

I could not say that I remembered him, for now he was a fine grown young fellow, with black whiskers and a man’s voice, but I was sure he knew me, and that he was Joe Green, and I was very glad. I put my nose up to him, and tried to say that we were friends. I never saw a man so pleased.

“Give you a fair trial! I should think so, indeed! I wonder who the rascal was that broke your knees, my old Beauty! you must have been badly served out some-

where; well, well, it won't be my fault if you haven't good times of it now. I wish John Manly was here to see you."

In the afternoon I was put into a low park chair and brought to the door. Miss Ellen was going to try me, and Green went with her. I soon found that she was a good driver, and she seemed pleased with my paces. I heard Joe telling her about me, and he was sure I was Squire Gordon's old Black Beauty.

When we returned, the other sisters came out to hear how I had behaved myself. She told them what she had just heard, and said:—

"I shall certainly write to Mrs. Gordon, and tell her that her favorite horse has come to us. How pleased she will be!"

After this I was driven every day for a week or so, and as I appeared to be quite safe, Miss Lavinia at last ventured out in the small close carriage. After this it was quite decided to keep me, and call me by my old name of "Black Beauty."

I have now lived in this happy place a whole year. Joe is the best and kindest

of grooms. My work is easy and pleasant, and I feel my strength and spirits all coming back again. Mr. Thoroughgood said to Joe the other day:—

“In your place he will last till he is twenty years old,—perhaps more.”

Willie always speaks to me when he can, and treats me as his special friend. My ladies have promised that I shall never be sold, and so I have nothing to fear; and here my story ends. My troubles are all over, and I am at home; and often before I am quite awake, I fancy I am still in the orchard at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.



## THE WIND

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I SAW you toss the kites on high,  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass,—  
O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!



I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all, —  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold!  
O blower! are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long!  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!



### BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

ELIZA COOK

KING BRUCE of Scotland flung himself down  
in a lonely mood to think;  
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,  
but his heart was beginning to sink,  
For he had been trying to do a great deed  
to make his people glad,  
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,  
and so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as  
grieved as man could be;  
And after a while as he pondered there,  
“I’ll give it all up,” said he.  
Now just at the moment a spider dropped,  
with its silkén cobweb clew,  
And the king in the midst of his thinking  
stopped to see what the spider would  
do.

’Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,  
and it hung by a rope so fine,  
That how it would get to its cobweb home,  
King Bruce could not divine.  
It soon began to cling and crawl straight up  
with strong endeavor,  
But down it came, with a slipping sprawl,  
as near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it staid, to  
utter the least complaint,  
Till it fell still lower, and there it lay, a  
little dizzy and faint.  
Its head grew steady — again it went, and  
traveled a half yard higher,  
’Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and  
a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it  
quickly mounted,  
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine  
brave attempts were counted.  
“Sure,” cried the king, “that foolish thing  
will strive no more to climb,  
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,  
and tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more, ah me,  
'tis an anxious minute,  
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh,  
say will he lose or win it?  
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and  
higher he got,  
And a bold little run at the very last pinch,  
put him into his native spot.

“Bravo, bravo!” the king cried out, “all  
honor to those who try;  
The spider up there defied despair, he con-  
quered, and why shouldn't I?”  
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,  
and gossips tell the tale,  
That he tried once more as he tried before,  
and that time he did not fail.

## A BRAVE LITTLE REBEL

MARY DENSEL

IF our heroine, Cynthia Smith, were living to-day, she would be a great-grandmother. But at the time of this story, 1780, she was only a little girl at home on a plantation near the Santee River, in South Carolina. She was twelve years old, four feet and two inches high, and, for so young and so small a person, she was as stanch a rebel as you could have found in all America; for the War of Independence had been raging in the United States ever since Cynthia could remember.

When she was only five years old, her little heart had beaten hard at the story of the famous "Boston Tea Party," at which a whole ship load of tea had been emptied into the harbor because King George of England insisted on "a three-penny tax."

The following year, when England shut up the harbor of Boston, not a mouthful of rice did Cynthia get to eat, for her father had sent his whole harvest to the North, as did many another Southern planter. Soon after

that John went to Massachusetts to visit Uncle Hezekiah, and the next June they heard that he had been shot dead at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Cynthia wept hot tears on her coarse homespun apron; but she dried them in a sort of strange delight when Tom insisted on taking John's place, and following a certain George Washington to the war.

"It's 'Liberty or Death' we have marked on our shirts, and it's 'Liberty or Death' we have burned into our hearts," Tom afterwards wrote home; and his mother wrung her hands, and his father grimly smiled.

"Just wait, you two other boys," said the latter. "We'll have the war at our own doors before it is all over."

He said this because Will and Ebenezer wished to follow in Tom's footsteps. Cynthia longed to be a boy, so that she might have a skirmish with the "Britishers" on her own account. But she had little time for patriotic dreamings and yearnings. There was a deal of work to be done in those days; and Cynthia helped to weave cloth for the family gowns and trousers,

and to spin and knit yarn for the family stockings. This kept her very busy.

In 1776, when Cynthia was eight years old, two important events had happened — important, at least, to her. One was the signing of the Déclaration of Independence, which she could not quite understand; the other was the birth of a red-and-white calf in Mr. Smith's barn. Her heart beat fast with feelings of patriotism when she heard her father read from a sheet of paper which some one had given him, "All men are born free and equal;" but she went almost wild with joy when her father gave her the little calf to be all her own.

Cynthia, giving free scope to her feelings, named the calf, "Free-'n'-equal"; and if ever an animal deserved such a name it was this one. It scorned all authority, kicked up its hind legs, and went careering round the plantation at its own sweet will, only coming to the barn when Cynthia's call was heard.

Free-'n'-equal was Cynthia's only play-mate, for there were no other children within six miles of the Smiths. As the calf

grew and became a cow, the more intimate and loving did the two become. Cynthia confided all her secrets to Free-'n'-equal, and asked her advice about many an important undertaking. She even consulted her as to the number of stitches to be put on a pair of wristlets for Tom, who had, in the winter of 1777-78, gone with General Washington to Pennsylvania.

Alas! Tom never wore those wristlets. He was one of the many who died of hunger and cold in that awful Valley Forge. Cynthia believed that Free-'n'-equal understood all the sorrow of her heart when she told her the pitiful news. Quite as much did she share her joy when, a few months later, Cynthia came flying to the barn with the tidings that Lafayette had come from France to aid the American cause.

But again the joy vanished, and Cynthia sobbed her woe into Free-'n'-equal's sympathizing ear when Sir Henry Clinton captured Charleston, only twenty miles away. And a few months later her grief was beyond control. "For General Gates has come down to South Carolina, and father and Will



and Hezekiah have gone to fight in his army."

Free-'n'-equal shook her head, and uttered a long, low "Moo-o," which seemed plainly enough to say, "What's to become of the rest of us, my little mistress?"

Cynthia brushed away her tears in a twinkling.

"We'll take care of ourselves, that's what we'll do. Mother and I will attend to the rice; and you must do your part, and give us more milk than ever, so as to keep us strong and well."

Those were days of alarm along the Santee River, for the British soldiers were roaming all around and laying waste the country. But Cynthia was not afraid — no, not even when Lord Cornwallis came within three miles of the plantation. She said her prayers every day, and believed firmly in the guardian angels and a certain rusty gun behind the kitchen door. She was not afraid even when a redcoat did sometimes rise above the horizon like a morning cloud. She had no more fear of him than of the scarlet-breasted bird which sang above her

head when she went into the woods near by to gather sticks.

It is no wonder, then, that she was taken all aback when, one afternoon as she came home with her bundle of sticks, her mother met her and said: "Cynthia, they have been here and driven off Free-'n'-equal."

"They!" gasped Cynthia. "Who?"

"The British soldiers. They tied a rope round her horns, and dragged her to their camp. Cynthia, what shall we do?"

Cynthia uttered a sound which was like a groan and a war whoop, and darted out of the door. Along the dusty road she ran, on and on. Her yellow sunbonnet fell back on her shoulders, and her brown curls were covered with dust. One mile, two miles, three miles — on and on. At last she reached a small house which was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. Never a moment did Cynthia pause. The sentinels challenged her, but without answering a word she marched straight past them. Into the house — into the parlor — she walked. There sat Lord Cornwallis and some six of his officers, eating and drinking at a big table.

Cynthia stopped at the threshold and dropped a courtesy. Lord Cornwallis glanced up and saw her. Then Miss Cynthia dropped another courtesy, and began to speak.

"I am Cynthia Smith," said she, gravely, "and your men have taken my cow, Free'n'-equal Smith, and I've come to fetch her home, if you please."

"Your cow?" questioned Lord Cornwallis, with a wineglass in his hand.

"They carried her off by a rope," said Cynthia.

"Where do you live?" asked the general.

"Three miles away, with my mother."

"Have you no father?"

"One, and four brothers."

"Where is your father?"

"He is in General Gates's army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis."

"Oh, he is a rebel, is he?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Cynthia, proudly.

"And where are your brothers?"

Cynthia paused. "John went to heaven, along with General Warren, from the top of Bunker Hill," said she, with a trembling lip.

One of the younger officers smiled, but he stopped when he saw Lord Cornwallis's eyes flashing at him.

"And Tom went to heaven out of Valley Forge, where he was helping General Washington," added Cynthia, softly.

"Where are the other two?"

"In the army, Mr. Lord Cornwallis." Cynthia's head was erect again.

"Rank rebels," said Cornwallis.

"Yes, they are."

"Hum! And you're a bit of a rebel too. I am thinking, if the truth were told."

Miss Cynthia nodded with emphasis.

"And yet you come here for your cow," said Cornwallis. "I have no doubt but that she is rebel beef herself."

Cynthia paused a moment, and then said: "I think she would be if she had two less legs, and not quite so much horn. That is, she'd be a rebel; but maybe you wouldn't call her beef then."

Lord Cornwallis laughed a good-natured, hearty laugh that made the room ring. All his officers laughed too. Miss Cynthia wondered what the fun might be; but, in no

wise abashed, she stood firm on her two little feet, and waited until the merriment should be over. At last, however, her face began to flush a little. What if these fine gentlemen were making fun of her, after all?

Lord Cornwallis saw the red blood mount in her cheeks, and he stopped laughing at once. "Come here, my little maid," said he; "I myself will see to it that your cow is safe in your barn to-morrow morning. And perhaps," he added, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles which he wore, "perhaps you will accept these as a gift from one who wishes no harm to these rebels."

Then he rose and held his wineglass above his head. "Here's to the health of as fair a little rebel as we shall meet, and God bless her!" said he.

She dropped her final courtesy, clasped the shining buckles, and out of the room she vanished, sure in her mind that Free'n'-equal was all her own once more.

As for those buckles, they are this very day in the hands of one of Cynthia's descendants. For there was a real Cynthia, as well as a real Lord Cornwallis.

## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

EUGENE FIELD

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod, one night,  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe, —  
Sailed on a river of misty light  
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you  
wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,”  
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,  
But never afraid are we!”

Cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
For the fish in the twinkling foam,  
Then down from the sky came the wooden  
shoe  
Bringing the fishermen home.  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd  
dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you fishermen three;  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock on the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen  
three,  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

—From "Lullaby Land," by permission of Charles  
Scribner's Sons.



## JACK FROST

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE door was shut, as doors should be,  
Before you went to bed last night;  
Yet Jack Frost has got in, you see,  
And left your window silver white.

He must have waited till you slept;  
And not a single word he spoke,  
But penciled o'er the panes and crept  
Away again before you woke.

And now you cannot see the hills  
Nor fields that stretch beyond the lane;  
But there are fairer things than these  
His fingers traced on every pane.

Rocks and castles towering high;  
Hills and dales and streams and fields;  
And knights in armor riding by,  
With nodding plumes and shining shields.

And here are little boats, and there  
Big ships with sails spread to the breeze;  
And yonder, palm trees waving fair  
On islands set in silver seas.

And butterflies with gauzy wings;  
And herds of cows and flocks of sheep;  
And fruit and flowers and all the things  
You see when you are sound asleep.

For creeping softly underneath  
The door when all the lights are out,  
Jack Frost takes every breath you breathe,  
And knows the things you think about.

He paints them on the window pane  
In fairy lines with frozen steam;  
And when you wake you see again  
The lovely things you saw in dream.



## ST. CHRISTOPHER AND THE CHRIST CHILD

ANDREA HOFER PROUDFOOT

EVEN after the Christ Child had come upon the earth, and the children of the world and the grown people, too, had heard the story over and over. they still watched and waited for him.

When he went to his Father, his last words had been promises of his coming back again, and sweet thoughts like these he left with us: I go to my Father, but I

shall return again ; Lo, I am with you alway. So it is no wonder that the world went on waiting and watching, and working to be good enough to receive him when he came again.

Far back, many years ago, when good men were called saints, there lived one named Christopher. He was very large and strong, and could lift the heaviest burdens on his back ; and his legs were so stout that he could travel far without growing tired.

Although he loved God and did all the good things he could, yet he knew very little of the wise things of the world. He thought it would be almost useless for him to think of serving the King of Heaven by prayers and beautiful words, as did all the people who passed through his home place on their way to Jerusalem.

One day he went to a very good brother who was wiser than many others and who lived all alone in a cave and was called a hermit. He thought he would ask him what he might do to serve God more and better than he had ever before. The hermit

lived a long way off, and so Christopher broke off a palm tree to use as a staff, for he was a man of great power.

When he found the hermit, he said: "Brother, I am strong and large; I can bear heavy loads and walk through stony paths long distances, and never weary. See this palm which I broke with my single hand. Yet, brother, I would rather serve God and have his blessing, than be strong, without a purpose."

"Then, good Christopher, you may do as I tell you. There is a river with a stony bottom, wide and deep, with steep banks, through which all our people must pass on their way to Jerusalem. There is no bridge, and every rain fills these high banks, and many people are compelled to wait and lose their way. Do you know the river?"

Christopher bowed his head.

"If you would serve God, go and serve his people and help them over this water, so deep and rocky and wide."

Christopher bowed his head again.

"Why do you not speak? Do you fear?" the hermit asked.

But Christopher only raised his head and answered: "It is nothing for me to carry loads and fight the water. I want to learn beautiful prayers and go as a pilgrim with the other worshipers."

"Christopher, my brother," said the hermit, "serve and love your brethren first, and then you will begin to know how to serve and love the Father. You will know, some day, why I speak thus; for when you love others you love the Christ Child as well."

And Christopher bowed his head and went away. He took his great staff, made of the palm tree which he had torn up, and with other palms he built himself a hut at the crossing of the river. There day after day he toiled and helped the travelers over. When the rains came and the water was very deep, he would put people on his shoulders, and when little children came to cross, he always bore them so much more joyously.

At night the people would call out to him, and if there was not a single star he would go just the same, without a question;

for his brave feet knew every stone in the watery path.

One very dark night—so dark that Christopher almost prayed that no one would come to call him out into the rain—he heard a cry, as if a baby were without its mother in the storm.

“It is the wind,” said Christopher, and he tried to sleep and forget.

Again the cry came: “Christopher, come, come!”

He raised his head, threw about him his coat, and opened the door. His light flickered out, and the storm still roared.

“Christopher, Christopher, come and carry me over!” And he broke through the door and went out into the dark.

There in the storm he found a young child, naked and all alone, sitting and waiting for him.

“Carry me over, good Christopher. I must go to-night, for I promised so many beyond here that I was coming, and they are waiting and watching for me. Carry me over, good Christopher!”

Christopher looked down upon the dear



Painting by Murillo.

THE CHRIST CHILD AND THE SAINT



child; he smiled and lifted him to his strong shoulders, and taking up his staff he stepped into the swollen stream. The waters rushed about them. The great stones in the bottom had been moved from their places, but Christopher walked carefully, and the little one clung to him so tightly that he had no fear.

As he stepped out deeper and deeper into the river his burden seemed to grow heavier and heavier, for the water beat against them both. It seemed as though they must surely sink, for it was a wild, wild night.

Each step was harder than the last, and his breath came hard, and his knees could scarcely hold out any longer, so heavy had his burden grown. His palm staff bent as it helped him along, and the river seemed never so wide before.

At length he touched the other side safe and weary. He set the child down; gently and lovingly he did it, and with never a thought of how hard he had worked to help. And suddenly, as the clouds broke and the moonlight fell upon them, he saw a beautiful being with shining face and holy smile:

and in the quiet of the night he broke out with — “Who are you, my child? who are you? for had I carried the whole world on my shoulders to serve God, it could not have been harder. Tell me who you are!”

And the sweet voice said: “Good Christopher, I am he who has promised to come to you, and whom you have been serving. Did you not know that in this humble, hard work at serving all, you were serving me and the Father? With whatever strength you have you shall serve, and it shall all be holy. Your staff, too, has served with all its power. If you will plant it in the ground you shall see what beautiful things live even in a dry staff when it works for others.”

Christopher did so, and suddenly it blossomed into a beautiful fresh palm tree full of fruit. And his great heart was filled with content, for he knew that he and his staff had served the Christ Child.

And the Christ passed on into the early morning light that was breaking.

Down the long pathway he went, on and on, to cheer the waiting people all the way.

And Christopher went back to his holy work of serving men; and he no longer needed his staff, for his happy heart never let him lose courage, since he knew he was serving the Christ Child.

— From “*Child’s Christ Tales*,” by permission of the author.

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### OLD AUNT MARY’S

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WASN’T it pleasant, O brother mine,  
In those old days of the lost sunshine  
Of youth — when the Saturday’s chores  
    were through,  
And the “Sunday’s wood” in the kitchen,  
    too,  
And we went visiting, “me and you,”  
    Out to Old Aunt Mary’s?

It all comes back so clear to-day!  
Though I am as bald as you are gray —  
Out by the barn lot, and down the lane,  
We patter along in **the** dust again,  
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,  
    Out to Old Aunt Mary’s!

We cross the pasture, and through the wood  
Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,  
Where the hammering "redheads" hopped  
    awry,  
And the buzzard "raised" in the "clear-  
    ing" sky,  
And lolled and circled, as we went by  
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of the road again;  
And the teams we met, and the country-  
    men;  
And the long highway, with sunshine spread  
As thick as butter on country bread,  
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead  
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,  
Where the little gourds grew up the sides  
    and o'er  
The clapboard roof! — And her face — ah,  
    me!  
Wasn't it good for a boy to see —  
And wasn't it good for a boy to be  
    Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

And O my brother, so far away,  
This is to tell you she waits to-day  
To welcome us: — Aunt Mary fell  
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell  
The boys to come!" And all is well  
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

— From "Afterwhiles," by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.

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## HOW THE ATHENIANS FOUGHT THE PERSIANS

CAROLINE H. AND SAMUEL B. HARDING

AFTER the Persians had conquered King Croesus, they began to look across the water toward the Greeks, and to think about conquering them. But it was not for many years that they tried to carry out their plan. Even then they might not have done so if the Athenians had not made the Persian king very angry by something which they did. Some of the king's subjects were rebelling against him, and the Athenians sent help to them; and in the war which followed the Athenians burnt one of the king's cities. When the king heard this he asked: —

“Who are these Athenians?” for he had never heard of them before.

Then when he was told who they were, he called for his bow, and placing an arrow on the string, he shot it high up into the air, and prayed:—

“Grant me, O Zeus, that I may revenge myself on the Athenians!” And ever after that, as long as the king lived, he had a servant stand behind him at dinner time and say three times, —

“Master, remember the Athenians!”

When the king's army was ready, he sent them on board ships, and they sailed across the sea to destroy Athens and to conquer all Greece. There were more than a hundred thousand men in the army; and when the Athenians heard that so many enemies were coming they were very much frightened, for they did not have nearly so large an army. They sent the swift runner, Pheidippides, to Sparta, to ask the Spartans to help them. But the Spartans sent back word that they could not come until the moon had reached the full; for their laws forbade them to send out an army

until then, and they dared not break their laws.

When the Athenians heard this they were very much disturbed, for the Persians had now landed on their shores, and were only a few miles from their city. But still they marched out their army to meet them, and as they marched a thousand soldiers came and joined them from a little town near Athens to which the Athenians had been friends.

Even then the Persians had ten times as many men as the Athenians had. So some of the Athenian generals wanted to go back, and some wanted to go forward; and when they voted on it they found that the generals were just evenly divided. Then one of the generals, named Miltiades, made a speech to the others, and he spoke so well that they decided to do as he wished, and to fight; and all the other generals when their time came to command gave up their turn to Miltiades.

So Miltiades commanded the Athenian army. And when he thought that the time had come to fight, he led his men out of



their camp and charged down upon the Persians. The battle took place in a narrow plain called Marathon, between the mountains and the sea.

The Persians were so crowded together that they could not use all their men. The Greeks fought, too, as they never had fought before; for they knew that they were fighting for their homes and for their wives and little children, who would be sold as slaves if their husbands and fathers were beaten. So it was not long before the Persians, in spite of their many men, began to give way; and then they began to break ranks, and soon they were running as fast as they could to their ships, with the Athenians following them.

It was a glorious victory for the Athenians, and the Persians were so discouraged that when they got on their ships again they turned about and sailed away for Persia. And that was the end of the first attempt of the Persians to conquer the Greeks.

— From "*Greek Gods, Heroes, and Men*," by permission of Scott.  
Foresman & Co.

## THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold  
Beside the river Dee;  
He worked and sang from morn till night,  
No lark more blithe than he;  
And this the burden of his song  
Forever used to be, —  
“I envy nobody; no, not I,  
And nobody envies me!”

“Thou’rt wrong, my friend!” said good King  
Hal;  
“Thou’rt wrong as wrong can be;  
For could my heart be light as thine,  
I’d gladly change with thee.  
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,  
With voice so loud and free,  
While I am sad, though I’m the king,  
Beside the river Dee?”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap:  
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;  
“I love my wife, I love my friend,  
I love my children three;

I owe no penny I cannot pay;  
I thank the river Dee,  
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,  
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the  
while,  
"Farewell! and happy be;  
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,  
That no one envies thee.  
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,  
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;  
Such men as thou are England's boast,  
O miller of the Dee!"

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### HOW THE SPARTANS FOUGHT AT THERMOPYLÆ

CAROLINE H. AND SAMUEL B. HARDING

YOU can imagine how angry the Persian king was when he heard that the Athenians had beaten his fine army at Marathon, and you may be sure that he did not intend to give up trying to punish them. But before he was ready to send another army against

them, some of the countries that he had already conquered rebelled against him. So he had to put off his march until he had punished the rebels. Then when that had been done, and before he could get ready for the war against the Greeks, the old king died.

The new king of the Persians was called Xerxes, and he was not nearly so good a soldier as his father had been. Nevertheless, he decided to go on with the war against the Greeks. He was a very vain and foolish man, and wanted the army which he was going to lead to be the largest army that the world had ever seen. So he sent into all the countries over which he ruled and ordered them to send as many men as they could. Nobody knows how many men there were in this army; but there must have been more than a million, and it may be that there were as many as five millions of them.

When the Greeks heard that King Xerxes was marching against them with so large an army, they were greatly frightened. Some of them made peace with the king,

and sent earth and water to him, as he bade them, to show that they gave up their land to him. But the Athenians and the Spartans said that they would die before they would give up their land and become the great king's slaves.

In the northern part of Greece there was a narrow pass, called the pass of Thermopylæ, where the mountains came down almost to the sea, leaving only a narrow road between. Through this pass the king's army must go to reach Athens and Sparta; and since it was so narrow, the Greeks thought that by sending men to guard it they might stop the king's army, and so save their country.

It was decided that while the Athenians, who were the best sailors in Greece, should fight the king's ships on the sea, the Spartans should fight the king's army at Thermopylæ. But just at that time there was a great festival among the Spartans in honor of the god Apollo; and although King Xerxes was already marching against their land, they did not wish to slight the worship of their god. The result was that they

sent to Thermopylæ only three hundred Spartans, under their leader, Leonidas, telling him that they would send more when the festival was over. With these three hundred men and a few hundred more that he got elsewhere, Leonidas had to face the hundreds of thousands that Xerxes had; for the other Spartans did not come until after the battle was over.

When Xerxes came in sight of the pass he found the Spartans amusing themselves with gymnastic exercises, and combing their long hair. When he sent to them, and ordered them to give up their arms, they sent back word for him to "come and take them." One of the Spartans was told that the number of the Persians was so great that when they shot their arrows into the air they hid the sun like a cloud. "So much the better," he said, "for then we shall fight in the shade."

After waiting four days for the Spartans to surrender, King Xerxes at last sent some of his men to make prisoners of them, and bring them to him. But this they could not do. All that day and all the next day

the king's army fought against the Spartans ; and though some of the Spartans and many of the Persians were killed, the Spartans would not let the king go through the pass.

At the end of the second day, however, a Greek traitor told King Xerxes of a path which led over the mountain and around the pass.

By this he would be able to send some men behind the Greeks, and attack them from both sides. This he decided to do. On the third day the Spartans fought as bravely as they had done before, but soon the Persians who had been sent over the mountains came in sight behind them. Then Leonidas knew that the end had come. He sent away the men who were not Spartans. But he and his men fought on, for it was considered a disgrace for a Spartan to surrender ; and it was only after the last Spartan in the pass was killed that King Xerxes could lead his army safely through.

After the war was over, the Greeks placed a marble lion, in honor of King Leonidas, on the little mound where the



Spartans had made their last fight. Near by another monument was set up in honor of his followers, and on it these words were cut: —

“Go, stranger, and to the Spartans tell,  
That here, obeying their commands, we fell.”

— *From “Greek Gods, Heroes, and Men,” by permission of Scott, Foresman & Co.*

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## THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

### A STORY OF HOLLAND

PHOEBE CARY

THE good dame looked from her cottage  
At the close of the pleasant day,  
And cheerily called to her little son  
Outside the door at play:  
“Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,  
While there is light to see,  
To the hut of the blind old man who lives  
Across the dike, for me;  
And take these cakes I made for him —  
They are hot and smoking yet;  
You have time enough to go and come  
Before the sun is set.”

Then the good wife turned to her labor,  
Humming a simple song,  
And thought of her husband, working hard  
At the sluices all day long;  
And set the turf a-blazing,  
And brought the coarse black bread;  
That he might find a fire at night,  
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,  
With whom all day he had played,  
And the sister who had watched their sports  
In the willow's tender shade;  
And told them they'd see him back before  
They saw a star in sight.  
Though he wouldn't be afraid to go  
In the very darkest night!  
For he was a brave, bright fellow,  
With eye and conscience clear;  
He would do whatever a boy might do,  
And he had not learned to fear.

And now, with his face all glowing,  
And eyes as bright as the day  
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,  
He trudged along the way;

And soon his joyous prattle  
    Made glad a lonesome place —  
Alas! if only the blind old man  
    Could have seen that happy face!  
Yet he somehow caught the brightness  
    Which his voice and presence lent;  
And he felt the sunshine come and go  
    As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,  
    And the winds began to rise,  
The mother looked from her door again,  
    Shading her anxious eyes;  
And saw the shadows deepen,  
    And birds to their homes come back,  
But never a sign of Peter  
    Along the level track.  
But she said, "He will come at morning,  
    So I need not fret or grieve —  
Though it isn't like my boy at all  
    To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?  
    On the homeward way was he,  
And across the dike while the sun was up  
    An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,  
Now listening to the sound,  
As the angry waters dashed themselves  
Against their narrow bound.

“Ah! well for us,” said Peter;

“That the gates are good and strong,  
And my father tends them carefully,  
Or they would not hold you long!”

“You’re a wicked sea,” said Peter;

“I know why you fret and chafe;  
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;  
But our sluices keep you safe!”

But hark! Through the noise of waters  
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;  
And the child’s face pales with terror,  
And his blossoms drop to the ground.

He is up the bank in a moment,  
And, stealing through the sand,  
He sees a stream not yet so large  
As his slender, childish hand.

’Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,  
Unused to fearful scenes;

But, young as he is, he has learned to know  
The dreadful thing that means.

A leak in the dike ! The stoutest heart  
Grows faint that cry to hear,  
And the bravest man in all the land,  
Turns white with mortal fear.  
For he knows the smallest leak may grow  
To a flood in a single night ;  
And he knows the strength of the cruel  
sea  
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the danger,  
And, shouting a wild alarm,  
He forces back the weight of the sea  
With the strength of his single arm !  
He listens for the joyful sound  
Of a footstep passing nigh ;  
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch  
The answer to his cry.  
He hears the rough winds blowing,  
And the waters rise and fall,  
But never an answer comes to him,  
Save the echo of his call.  
He sees no hope, no succor,  
His feeble voice is lost ;  
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,  
Though he perish at his post.

So, faintly calling and crying  
Till the sun is under the sea ;  
Crying and moaning till the stars  
Come out for company ;  
He thinks of his brother and sister,  
Asleep in their safe warm bed ;  
He thinks of his father and mother,  
Of himself as dying — and dead ;  
And of how, when the night is over,  
They must come and find him at last :  
But he never thinks he can leave the  
place  
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage  
Is up and astir with the light,  
For the thought of her little Peter  
Has been with her all the night.  
And now she watches the pathway,  
As yester eve she had done ;  
But what does she see so strange and black  
Against the rising sun ?  
Her neighbors are bearing between them  
Something straight to her door ;  
Her child is coming home, but not  
As he ever came before !

“He is dead!” she cries; “my darling!”  
And the startled father hears,  
And comes and looks the way she looks,  
And fears the thing she fears:  
Till a glad shout from the bearers  
Thrills the stricken man and wife —  
“Give thanks, for your son has saved our  
land,  
And God has saved his life!”  
So, there in the morning sunshine  
They knelt about the boy;  
And every head was bared and bent  
In tearful, reverent joy.

’Tis many a year since then; but still,  
When the sea roars like a flood,  
Their boys are taught what a boy can do  
Who is brave and true and good.  
For every man in that country  
Takes his son by the hand,  
And tells him of little Peter,  
Whose courage saved the land.  
They have many a valiant hero  
Remembered through the years;  
But never one whose name so oft  
Is named with loving tears.



And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,  
And told the child on the knee,  
So long as the dikes of Holland  
Divide the land from the sea !

— *By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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### ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

LEIGH HUNT

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase !)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of  
peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold : —  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem  
bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
“ What writest thou ? ” — The vision raised  
its head,  
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, “ The names of those who love  
the Lord.”  
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abou. “ Nay,  
not so,”

Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,  
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee,  
then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next  
night

It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God  
had blest,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

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### A LIVING PLOW

MARY MANN MILLER

It is blind, it is deaf, it is dumb; it lives  
in the cold, dark earth under our feet, where  
we walk over it and sometimes step on it.  
And yet—let me tell you a secret—it  
knows how to do one thing much better  
than you or I could do it, or any man in the  
world. It knows how to plow the ground  
so that all the green things—trees and  
flowers and grass—can grow! Even the  
things that man plants himself need the  
help of this plow.

But most of us do not know enough to be grateful to it, hardly even thinking of it at all except perhaps as food for robins or bait for fishes. Now you have guessed what this wonderful plow is. Yes, nothing but an earthworm. But you won't scorn it, I am sure, for you are not so foolish as to think a thing cannot be interesting if it is common; and you know enough to believe that every creature is useful, even if you don't know just how. Mr. Darwin thought it quite worth his while to spend a great deal of his time studying the earthworm. Indeed, one of his experiments lasted thirty years.

Now you must be wondering what a little worm can do to help the golden-rod and the chestnut trees to grow. First, I must tell you that it doesn't care anything at all about helping them, but is just quietly going about its own business, which is to get a living. Its way of doing this is what makes it so useful to growing things.

First, our worm needs a home — a place to hide in all day, and to carry its food to at night. For this it likes nothing as well

as a hole in the ground! So as soon as the baby worm is hatched from the egg, it begins to make its burrow. If the earth is loose, the worm can easily stretch out to a point the end where the mouth is, and push this end in between the particles. But suppose the earth is closely packed? The poor worm has no tools, nor even hands and feet. It has only a mouth. So its mouth it must use, and it begins to eat the dirt! Yes, it makes a hole by swallowing every bit of the earth it wants to get rid of.

But very soon its little body is full. So it comes up to the mouth of its burrow, and there it empties out the earth in a neat little round pile. You can see these worm castings almost any morning when it is not very dry or very cold. Then the worm goes down again and eats its hole a little deeper, and keeps on until the hole is perhaps as much as six or seven feet long. At the bottom it is hollowed out large enough for its owner to coil up. But above it is just big enough to fit the worm's body, so that it can draw itself up and down by means of the little hooks along its sides.

At the top of the burrow it packs in a nice lining of dead leaves, which we suppose is to keep it from feeling the cold earth when it rests near its front door in the daytime. For the wise little worm will come out only at night when robins have gone to bed. Then it will crawl about in search of dead leaves, which it drags into its burrow to eat. But even if it finds no dead leaves, it need not go hungry, for it can live on dirt alone. There are in the dirt little insects and tiny seeds and spores, which ferns and such plants bear instead of seeds, and these the worm can eat.

But, you say, what good is all this? A worm makes a hole and eats some dead leaves, but how does that plow the ground? Plowing the ground is turning it over and loosening it up so that light and air and sunshine and rain can get into it. Does not the worm do this when it brings up dirt from the surface from six or seven feet down? It is true, one worm can do very little; so one honeybee is a very small creature; and one blade of grass does not amount to much. But by eating a great

number of blades of grass a big cow can live; and if ever so many bees crowded together on one man they could sting him to death; and so by all working at the same thing, millions and millions of worms can do a great deal.

The millions and millions of holes these worms make let light and air and rain into the earth. And if a fresh pile of castings is left every morning beside each door, after a while there will be a thin layer of them all over everywhere. And as they keep on working, this layer grows and grows until it is four or five inches thick. This is called vegetable mold, and it can be found in every country that is not too dry. You can see it for yourself by digging down in some pasture or in the woods where you are sure the soil has not been stirred up for years. At one side of the hole you will find a layer of soil which is finer, darker, and richer.

Nearly every bit of this vegetable mold has been through the bodies of worms, and that is what has made it so different from the rest. It is finer because it has been ground up by the little stones in the worm's

gizzard. It is darker and richer, because it has been mixed with juices and dead leaves in the worm's body. The most wonderful plow in the world, the worm has been called, for it not only does all that the plows we make can do, but more ; for it manages the soil as well !

So when a seed drops from the mother plant it finds everything made ready for it by its best friend, the worm. It may fall into a wormhole, or be covered up by castings, and so lie protected until sprouting time comes. Then, when the first root pushes out, it has to thank the worm that the earth is in fine particles so that it can easily make a way among them. And when its tiny root-hairs begin to suck up food, it is the worm again that has put there just what they need to send up through the stem, for the plant to make leaves and flowers and fruit of.

Did you ever stop to think what this world of ours would be without trees and flowers and grass ? Suppose the worms had not made any vegetable mold — the seeds couldn't sprout, the grass couldn't grow, the



cows would have nothing to eat, and then what should *we* live on? So, small and weak though they are, we could hardly live without them.

— From “*Primary Education*,” by permission of the author.

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### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Do you ask what the birds say? The  
sparrow, the dove,

The linnet and thrush say, “I love and I  
love!”

In the winter they're silent — the wind is  
so strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a  
loud song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny  
warm weather,

And singing, and loving — all come back  
together.

“I love, and I love,” almost all the birds say  
From sunrise to star rise, so gladsome are  
they!

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and  
love,

The green fields below him, the blue sky  
above,  
That he sings, and he sings; and forever  
sings he —  
“I love my Love, and my Love loves me!”

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### HIAWATHA'S SAILING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud, cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,

By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, "Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs. O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath  
me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,

Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
“ Take my boughs, O Hiawatha ! ”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

“ Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree !  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! ”

And the Larch, with all its fibers,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
“ Take them all, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the earth he tore the fibers,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

“ Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree !  
Of your balsam and your resin, ‘

So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! ”

And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,  
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,

Stained them red and blue and yellow  
With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and magic,  
All the lightness of the birch tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him  
And his wishes served to guide him ;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,

Saying, "Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his armpits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.



## MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began;  
So is it now I am a man;  
So be it when I shall grow old,  
Or let me die!

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## THE UGLY DUCKLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

It was lovely summer weather in the country, and the golden corn, the green oats, and the haystacks in the meadows looked beautiful. On a sunny slope stood a pleasant old farmhouse, close by a deep river. Under some big burdock leaves on the bank sat a duck on her nest, waiting for her young brood to hatch; she was beginning to get tired of her task, for the little ones were a long time coming out of their shells.

At length one shell cracked, and then another, and from each egg came a living creature that lifted its head and cried,



STATUE IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

“Peep, peep.” “Quack, quack,” said the mother, and then they all quacked as well as they could, and looked about them on

every side at the large green leaves. Their mother allowed them to look as much as they liked, because green is good for the eyes. "How large the world is," said the young ducks, when they found how much more room they now had than while they were inside the eggshell. "Do you imagine this is the whole world?" asked the mother; "wait till you have seen the garden; it stretches far beyond that to the parson's field, but I have never ventured so far. Are you all out?" she continued, rising; "no, I declare, the largest egg lies there still. I wonder how long this is to last, I am quite tired of it;" and she seated herself again on the nest.

"Well, how are you getting on?" asked an old duck, who paid her a visit.

"One egg is not hatched yet," said the duck, "it will not break. But just look at all the others, are they not the prettiest little ducklings you ever saw?"

"Let me see the egg that will not hatch," said the old duck; "I have no doubt it is a turkey's egg. I was persuaded to hatch some once, and after all my care and trouble

with the young ones, they were afraid of the water. I quacked and clucked, but all to no purpose. I could not get them to venture in. Let me look at the egg. Yes, that is a turkey's egg; take my advice, leave it where it is, and teach the other children to swim."

"I think I will sit on it a little while longer," said the duck; "I have sat so long already, a few days will be nothing."

"Please yourself," said the old duck, and she went away.

At last the large egg hatched, and a young one crept forth, crying, "Peep, peep." It was very large and ugly. The duck stared at it, and exclaimed, "It is very large, and not at all like the others. I wonder if it really is a turkey. We shall soon find out when we go to the water. It must go in, if I have to push it in myself."

On the next day the weather was delightful, and the sun shone brightly on the green burdock leaves, so the mother duck took her young brood down to the water, and jumped in with a splash. "Quack, quack," cried she, and one after another the

little ducklings jumped in. The water closed over their heads, but they came up again in an instant, and swam about quite prettily with their legs paddling under them as easily as possible, and the ugly duckling swam with them.

“Oh,” said the mother, “that is not a turkey; how well he uses his legs, and how upright he holds himself! He is my own child, and he is not so very ugly after all if you look at him properly. Quack, quack! come with me now, I will take you to the farmyard, but you must keep close to me, or you may be trodden upon; and, above all, beware of the cat.”

The ducklings did as they were bid, and, when they came to the yard, the other ducks stared, and said, “Look, here comes another brood, as if there were not enough of us already! and what a queer-looking object one of them is; we don’t want him here,” and then one flew at him and bit him in the neck.

“Let him alone,” said his mother; “he is not doing any harm.”

“Yes, but he is too big and ugly,” said

the spiteful duck, "and therefore he must be turned out."

They soon got to feel at home in the farmyard; but the poor duckling that had crept out of his shell last of all and looked so ugly, was bitten and pushed and made fun of, not only by the ducks, but by all the poultry. "He is too big," they all said, and the turkey cock, who had been born into the world with spurs, and fancied himself really an emperor, puffed himself out and flew at the duckling, and became quite red in the head with passion, so that the poor little thing did not know where to go, and was quite miserable because he was so ugly and laughed at by the whole farmyard. So it went on from day to day, till it got worse and worse. The poor duckling was driven about by every one; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and would say, "Ah, you ugly creature, I wish the cat would get you," and his mother said she wished he had never been born. The ducks pecked him, the chickens beat him, and the girl who fed the poultry kicked him. So at last he ran away, frightening the lit-

tle birds in the hedge as he flew over the palings.

“They are afraid of me because I am so ugly,” he said. So he closed his eyes, and flew still farther, until he came out on a large moor, inhabited by wild ducks. Here he remained the whole night, feeling very tired and sorrowful.

In the morning, when the wild ducks rose in the air, they stared at their new comrade. “What sort of duck are you?” they all said, coming round him.

He bowed to them, and was as polite as he could be, but he did not reply to their question. “You are exceedingly ugly,” said the wild ducks; “but that will not matter if you do not marry into our family.” Poor thing! all he wanted was to stay among the rushes, and find something to eat and drink.

After he had been on the moor two days, some men came to shoot the birds there. How they terrified the poor duckling! He hid himself among the reeds, and lay quite still, when suddenly a dog came running by him, and went splash into the water without touching him. “Oh,” sighed the duck-



ling, "how thankful I am for being so ugly; even a dog will not bite me."

It was late in the day before all became quiet, but even then the poor young thing did not dare to move. He waited for several hours, and then, after looking carefully around him, hastened away from the moor as fast as he could. He ran over field and meadow till a storm arose, and he could hardly struggle against it. Toward evening he reached a poor little cottage. The duckling was so tired that he could go no farther; he sat down by the cottage, and then he noticed that there was a hole near the bottom of the door large enough for him to slip through, which he did very quietly, and got a shelter for the night.

A woman, a tom cat, and a hen lived in this cottage. The tom cat, whom his mistress called "My little son," was a great favorite; he could raise his back, and purr, and could even throw out sparks from his fur if it were stroked the wrong way. The hen had very short legs, so she was called "Chickie short legs." She laid good eggs, and her mistress loved her as if she had

been her own child. In the morning the strange visitor was discovered, and the tom cat began to purr, and the hen to cluck.

“What is that noise about?” said the old woman, looking round the room; but her sight was not very good, therefore, when she saw the duckling she thought it must be a fat duck that had strayed from home. “Oh, what a prize!” she exclaimed, “I hope it is not a drake, for then I shall have some duck’s eggs. I must wait and see.” So the duckling was allowed to remain on trial for three weeks, but there were no eggs.

Now the tom cat was the master of the house, and the hen was the mistress, and they always said, “We and the world”; for they believed themselves to be half the world, and the better half, too. The duckling thought that others might hold a different opinion on the subject, but the hen would not listen to such doubts. “Can you lay eggs?” she asked. “No.” “Then have the goodness to hold your tongue.” “Can you raise your back, or purr, or throw out sparks?” said the tom cat. “No.” “Then

you have no right to express an opinion when sensible people are speaking." So the duckling sat in a corner, feeling very low spirited, till the sunshine and the fresh air came into the room through the open door, and then he began to feel such a great longing for a swim on the water that he could not help telling the hen.

"What an absurd idea," said the hen. "You have nothing else to do, therefore you have foolish fancies. If you could purr or lay eggs, they would pass away."

"But it is delightful to swim about on the water," said the duckling, "and so refreshing to feel it close over your head, while you dive down to the bottom."

"Delightful, indeed," said the hen; "why, you must be crazy! Ask the cat, he is the cleverest animal I know, ask him how he would like to swim about on the water, or to dive under it, for I will not speak of my own opinion; ask our mistress, the old woman — there is no one in the world more clever than she is. Do you think she would like to swim, or to let the water close over her head?"

"You don't understand me," said the duckling.

"We don't understand you? Who can understand you, I wonder? Do you consider yourself more clever than the cat or the old woman? I will say nothing of myself. Don't imagine such nonsense, child, and thank your good fortune that you have been received here. Are you not in a warm room, and in society from which you may learn something. But you are a chatterer, and your company is not very agreeable. Believe me, I speak only for your good. I may tell you unpleasant truths, but that is a proof of my friendship. I advise you, therefore, to lay eggs and learn to purr as quickly as possible."

"I believe I must go out into the world again," said the duckling.

"Yes, do," said the hen. So the duckling left the cottage, and soon found water on which he could swim and dive; but he was avoided by all other animals because he was so ugly.

Autumn came, and the leaves in the forest turned to orange and gold; then, as

winter approached, the wind caught them as they fell and whirled them in the cold air. The clouds, heavy with hail and snowflakes, hung low in the sky, and the raven stood on the ferns, crying, "Croak, croak." It made one shiver with cold to look at him. All this was very sad for the poor little duckling.

One evening, just as the sun set amid bright clouds, there came a large flock of beautiful birds out of the bushes. The duckling had never seen any like them before. They were swans, and they curved their graceful necks, while their soft plumage shone with dazzling whiteness. They uttered a singular cry, as they spread their glorious wings and flew away from those cold regions to warmer countries across the sea. As they mounted higher and higher in the air, the ugly little duckling felt a strange sensation as he watched them. He whirled himself in the water like a wheel, stretched out his neck toward them, and uttered a cry so strange that it frightened himself. Could he ever forget those beautiful, happy birds; and when at last they were out of

his sight, he dived under the water, and rose again almost beside himself with excitement. He knew not the names of these birds, nor where they had flown, but he felt toward them as he had never felt for any other bird in the world. He was not envious of these beautiful creatures, but he wished to be as lovely as they. Poor ugly creature, how gladly he would have lived even with the ducks, had they only given him encouragement! The winter grew colder and colder; he was obliged to swim about on the water to keep it from freezing, but every night the space on which he swam became smaller and smaller. At length it froze so hard that the ice in the water crackled as he moved, and the duckling had to paddle with his legs as well as he could, to keep the space from closing up. He became exhausted at last, and lay still and helpless, frozen fast in the ice.

Early in the morning, a peasant, who was passing by, saw what had happened. He broke the ice in pieces with his wooden shoe, and carried the duckling home to his wife. The warmth revived the poor little

creature; but when the children wanted to play with him, the duckling thought they would do him some harm, so he started up in terror, fluttered into the milk pan, and splashed the milk about the room. Then the woman clapped her hands, which frightened him still more. He flew first into the butter cask, then into the meal tub, and out again. What a condition he was in! The woman screamed, and struck at him with the tongs; the children laughed and screamed, and tumbled over each other in their efforts to catch him, but luckily he escaped. The door stood open; the poor creature could just manage to slip out among the bushes, and lie down quite exhausted in the newly fallen snow.

It would be very sad were I to relate all the misery and privations which the poor little duckling endured during the hard winter; but when it had passed he found himself lying one morning in a moor, amongst the rushes. He felt the warm sun shining, and heard the lark singing, and saw that all around was beautiful spring. Then the young bird felt that his



wings were strong, as he flapped them against his sides, and rose high into the air. They bore him onward, until he found himself in a large garden, before he well knew how it had happened. The apple trees were in full blossom, and the fragrant elders bent their long green branches down to the stream which wound round a smooth lawn. Everything looked beautiful in the freshness of early spring. From a thicket close by came three beautiful white swans, rustling their feathers, and swimming lightly over the smooth water. The duckling remembered the lovely birds, and felt more strangely unhappy than ever.

“I will fly to these royal birds,” he exclaimed, “and they will kill me, because I am so ugly, and dare to approach them; but it does not matter: better be killed by them than pecked by the ducks, beaten by the hens, or starved with hunger in the winter.”

Then he flew to the water, and swam toward the beautiful swans. The moment they espied the stranger, they rushed to meet him with outstretched wings.

“Kill me,” said the poor bird; and he bent his head down to the surface of the water, and awaited death.

But what did he see in the clear stream below? His own image; no longer a dark, gray bird, ugly and disagreeable to look at, but a graceful and beautiful swan; and the great swans swam round the newcomer, and stroked his neck with their beaks, as a welcome.

Into the garden presently came some little children, and threw bread and cake into the water.

“See,” cried the youngest, “there is a new one;” and the rest were delighted, and ran to their father and mother, dancing and clapping their hands, and shouting joyously, “There is another swan come, a new one!”

Then they threw more bread and cake into the water, and said, “The new one is the most beautiful of all; he is so young and pretty.” And the old swans bowed their heads before him.

Then he felt quite ashamed, and hid his head under his wing; for he did not know

what to do, he was so happy, and yet not at all proud. He had been persecuted and despised for his ugliness, and now he heard them say he was the most beautiful of all the birds. Even the elder tree bent down its boughs into the water before him, and the sun shone warm and bright. Then he rustled his feathers, curved his slender neck, and cried joyfully, from the depths of his heart, "I never dreamed of such happiness as this, while I was an ugly duckling."

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### THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,  
The ship was as still as she could be,  
Her sails from heaven received no motion,  
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock  
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;  
So little they rose, so little they fell,  
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok  
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;  
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,  
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,  
The mariners heard the warning bell ;  
And then they knew the perilous Rock,  
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,  
All things were joyful on that day ;  
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled  
round,  
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen  
A darker speck on the ocean green ;  
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,  
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,  
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;  
His heart was mirthful to excess,  
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;  
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,

And row me to the Inchcape Rock,  
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,  
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;  
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,  
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell, with a gurgling sound,  
The bubbles rose and burst around ;  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to  
the Rock,  
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,  
He scoured the seas for many a day ;  
And now grown rich with plundered store,  
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky  
They can not see the sun on high ;  
The wind hath blown a gale all day,  
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,  
So dark it is they see no land.  
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,  
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?  
For methinks we should be near the shore."

"Now where we are I cannot tell,  
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong:  
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift  
along,

Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:  
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,  
He cursed himself in his despair;  
The waves rush in on every side,  
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear  
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,  
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell  
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

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## WASHINGTON IN THE WILDERNESS

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

It is so interesting to follow Washington through the first years of his career that I will tell you of an expedition which he made at this time into the "Great Woods,"

beyond the Ohio River. Both the English and the French claimed this country. It was full of English and French hunters, who traded with the Indians; and it became a great point with both sides to secure the friendship of the savages.

Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia and the governor of Canada were watching each other; and at last Dinwiddie made up his mind to send the French a message. This message was to the effect that the western country belonged to England, and that since the French had no right to it, they were not to build their forts on it. The person who was to carry this message was also to make friends with the Indians; and for this service Governor Dinwiddie chose young George Washington.

These things happened in the year 1753, when Washington was twenty-one years old. It was a proof of the confidence placed in him, to choose so young a man for so difficult a service. But Washington was now well known. He had not done much, but he had shown, by his life and actions, that his character was above reproach.

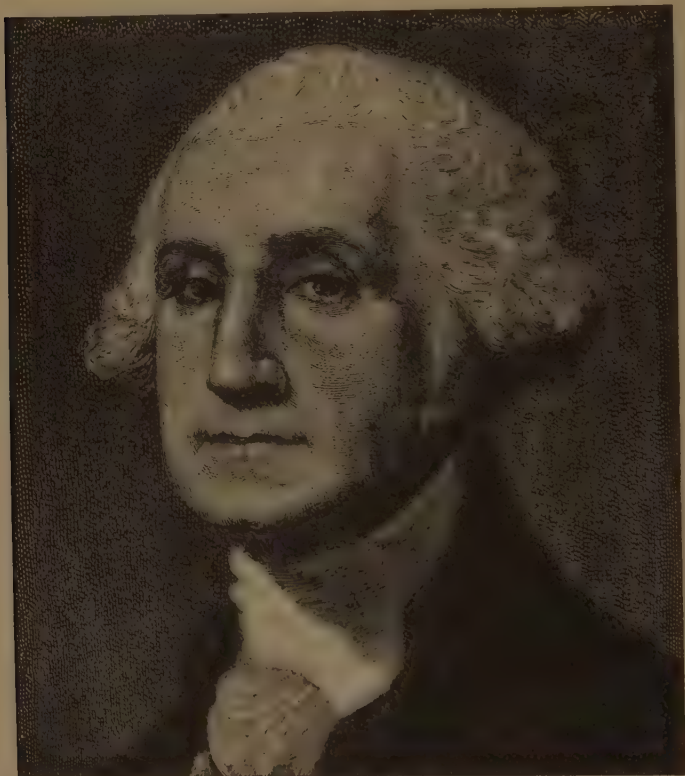


He set out on the very day that he received his commission from the governor. His party was waiting for him at Winchester. It was made up of three white hunters, two friendly Indians, and a Mr. Gist, who was an experienced woodsman. As the weather was very cold (the month being November), small tents were packed on horses, which were cared for by the white men; and thus equipped the party set forward, and in due time reached the Monongahela River.

The point which Washington aimed for was an Indian village called Logstown, a little south of where the city of Pittsburg now stands. As the river flowed northward, it would enable him to float the tents and baggage down in canoes; hence, some of these were obtained, and the loads were placed in charge of some of the men, while the rest of the party followed along the bank.

They at last reached the forks of the Ohio, where Pittsburg was afterwards built. The weather was very cold, but Washington stopped long enough to look at the situation.

He saw at a glance how strong it was, and that it was the very place for a fort. When



GEORGE WASHINGTON

they at last reached Logstown, he had a long talk with the Indian chief, trying to persuade him to have nothing to do with the

French. The chief made a number of polite speeches, after the Indian fashion, but he would make no promises; he said that the French commander was at a fort near Lake Erie, and, if Washington wished, he would go with him to see that officer.

Washington accepted the offer, and, setting out with the Indians, was guided to a place called Venango. Here a cunning old French captain met them, and set plenty of drink before them. His object was to make Washington drunk, and lead him to talk freely; but the plan failed, and Washington, with his Indian guides, pushed on towards Lake Erie.

After a long, cold ride he reached the French fort, and was very kindly received. The commandant, called the Chevalier de St. Pierre, was an old man, with silver-white hair, and clad in a fine uniform. When Washington handed him the letter which he had brought from Governor Dinwiddie, he received it with a polite bow, and retired to read it. Two days afterwards the answer was ready. In it the Frenchman informed the governor of Virginia that he would send

his letter to the Marquis Duquesne in Canada; but as to giving up the country, he could not and would not do so; he was ordered to hold it, and he meant to obey orders.

Washington, seeing that he could gain nothing by a longer stay, now made ready to return. The old Chevalier de St. Pierre was polite and cunning to the last. He furnished Washington with a number of canoes to carry his baggage and provisions; but he tried to persuade the Indian chief not to return with him. In this, however, he failed, and Washington, with his Indian guides, embarked in the canoes and began a difficult voyage down French Creek.

The creek was full of floating ice, and several times the canoes were nearly staved to pieces. Now and then the men were obliged to jump into the water and drag them over shallows; and once they had to take their canoes on their backs and carry them for a quarter of a mile before they could find open water enough to float them. When they reached Venango they parted with the Indians, and Washington resolved

to push on, on foot, for Virginia. So he and his friend Gist strapped knapsacks on their backs to carry their provisions and papers, took their rifles, and pushed into the woods, leaving the rest of the men, with the horses, to come on as soon as the weather and the condition of the roads would permit.

The long and dangerous march of Washington and his single companion then began. The obstacles before them were enough to dishearten them. It was the depth of winter, and very cold. They were in the heart of the wilderness, which was covered with snow, and they could only guess at their way; and what was worse than all else, they were surrounded by hostile Indians, the friends of the French.

But they pushed forward fearlessly, and Providence watched over them. Day after day they tramped through the desolate woods, and at last they came to a place bearing the gloomy name of Murdering Town, where there was a small band of Indians. As soon as he saw these Indians, Gist, who was an old woodsman, began to suspect them. He therefore urged Wash-

ington not to stop, but to push on ; and as one of the Indians offered himself as a guide, his offer was accepted, and he was allowed to go with them.

It soon became plain that Gist was right in his suspicions. The first thing that the Indian guide did was to offer to carry Washington's gun. Washington was too wise to consent to this, and the Indian became very surly. Night was coming, and they looked about for a place to build a camp fire ; but the Indian advised them against this. There were some Ottawa Indians in the woods, he said, who would certainly come upon them and murder them ; but his own cabin was near, and if they would go with him they would be safe.

This was very suspicious, and they made up their minds to be on their guard. Their wisdom in doing so was soon seen. They took no notice of the Indian's offer, and went on looking for a stream of water, near which they might encamp. The Indian guide was walking ten or twenty yards in front of them, when, just as they came to an open space where the glare of the snow



lit up the darkness, the Indian turned, leveled his gun at Washington, and fired. The bullet did not strike him, and the Indian darted behind a tree. But Washington rushed upon him, and seized him before he could escape.

Gist was eager to put the guide to death; but Washington would not agree to it. He took the Indian's gun away from him, and when they soon afterwards reached a small stream, he made him build a fire for them. Gist was now very uneasy. He knew the Indians much better than Washington did, and told him that if he would not put the guide to death, they must get away from him. This was agreed to, and the Indian was told that he could go to his cabin if he chose, for the night. As to themselves, they would camp in the woods, and join him there in the morning.

The guide was glad to get away, and was soon out of sight. Gist followed him cautiously, listening to his footsteps breaking the dry twigs in the woods. As soon as he was sure that the Indian was gone, he came back to Washington and told him that, if he



valued his life, he would better get away as soon as possible, for he was sure that the guide meant to bring other Indians there to murder them.

They again set forward through the woods, and when they had gone about half a mile they built another fire. But they did not lie down to sleep; the fire was meant only to deceive the Indians. Instead of stopping there they pushed on, and traveled all that night and the next day without stopping. At last they reached the banks of the Allegheny River, a little above the present site of Pittsburg.

There was no way to cross the river except by means of a raft; and this they began to build early on the following morning. Gist probably had a hatchet with him, as woodsmen generally carried one, and trees were cut down and tied together with grape vines. This rough raft was then dragged to the water's edge and pushed into the stream, which was at that time full of large masses of broken ice.

The situation of the two men was dangerous. The current was strong, and in spite

of all they could do to force the raft across, the ice swept it down, and they could not reach the shore. While Washington was trying to steady the raft with a long pole resting on the bottom of the river, a huge cake of ice struck it, and he was thrown into the water. Few things could have been more dangerous than this. The water was freezing cold, and he no doubt had on his heavy overcoat, which hindered his movements, and came near sinking him with its own weight.

Luckily, with the help of Gist, Washington succeeded in climbing back upon the raft. They were then swept along by the current, and gave up all attempts to reach the shore where they at first intended. At length the ice drove the raft near a small island and they managed to get on it. The raft was carried away, and disappeared among the floating pieces of ice.

They were now on a small island without shelter or fuel. The shore was still at some distance, and they had no means of reaching it; and the cold was so great that Gist had his hands and feet frozen. It

was a miserable night; they lay down in their overcoats, and shivered through the dark hours, until at last day came, and they looked around.

Providence had befriended them. The floating blocks of ice had frozen together during the night, and they saw that there was a solid pathway to the shore. They reached it without trouble, and then set forward again with brave hearts towards the south. Soon their troubles were over. On the Monongahela River they reached the house of a trader whom they knew, and who received them kindly and supplied all their wants. Washington then bought a horse, and sixteen days later he was in Williamsburg, giving Governor Dinwiddie a history of his expedition.

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### THE FOUNTAIN

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

INTO the sunshine,  
Full of the light,  
Leaping and flashing  
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,  
Whiter than snow,  
Waving so flowerlike  
When the winds blow ;

Into the starlight,  
Rushing in spray,  
Happy at midnight,  
Happy by day !

Ever in motion,  
Blithesome and cheery,  
Still climbing heavenward,  
Never weary ; —

Glad of all weathers,  
Still seeming best ;  
Upward or downward,  
Motion thy rest ; —

Full of a nature  
Nothing can tame,  
Changed every moment,  
Ever the same ; —

Ceaseless aspiring,  
Ceaseless content,

Darkness or sunshine  
Thy element; —  
  
Glorious fountain !  
Let my heart be  
Fresh, changeful, constant,  
Upward, like thee !

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## HOW DUKE WILLIAM MADE HIMSELF KING

CHARLES DICKENS

Some nine hundred years ago, when England's pious King Edward was near the end of his life, the people became very uneasy as to who should succeed him.

His brother-in-law, Harold, was a very popular young man, of high birth and great bravery, and well fitted to rule. But King Edward, in spite of all that Harold had done, did not like him, and wished to have as king, after his own death, William, Duke of Normandy. This was a country just across the English Channel, in France. King Edward, having spent his earlier days there, was much attached to the Norman people and to Duke William.

It came about in this way, then, that there was bitter strife between Harold and Duke William for the crown of England; and strangely enough, as Charles Dickens tells us in his "Child's History of England," Harold fell into the hands of Duke William.

ONE day Harold and his men put to sea. What Harold was doing at sea when he was

driven on the French coast by a storm, is not at all certain; nor does it at all matter. That his ship was forced by a storm on that shore, and that he was taken prisoner, there is no doubt. In those days, all shipwrecked strangers were taken prisoners and obliged to pay a ransom. So a certain count, whose lands and castle were near the place where Harold was wrecked, seized him and expected to get a great sum of money from him.

But Harold contrived in some way to send word to Duke William, complaining of this treatment. The duke no sooner heard of it than he ordered Harold to be brought to the ancient town of Rouen, where he then was, and where he received him as an honored guest.

Now some writers tell us that King Edward, who was by this time old and had no children, had made a will, appointing Duke William his successor, and had informed the duke of what he had done. So William made up his mind to be the next king of England. Knowing that Harold would be a powerful rival, he called together

a great assembly of his nobles and offered Harold his daughter Adele in marriage. Then he informed him that he meant, on King Edward's death, to claim the English crown as his own inheritance. He required Harold then and there to swear to aid him, and Harold, being in the duke's power, was obliged to take this oath or lose his life.

Within a week or two after Harold's return to England, the old king was found to be dying. After wandering in his mind, like a very weak old man, he died.

Harold was crowned king of England on the very day of Edward's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Duke William, he was hunting in his park at Rouen. He at once dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles together, and sent some of them with a message to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown.

Harold would do no such thing.

Then the barons of France joined themselves with Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely



to divide the wealth and the lands of the English among those who would help him. He was soon at the head of a strong army of daring men, and ready to take ship across the Channel.

King Harold had a rebel brother who was a friend of the king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king had joined their armies and landed them in the northern part of England, where they defeated a part of Harold's forces.

When Harold heard of this he marched against them to give them instant battle. He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, Harold saw a brave figure on horseback in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

He added in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother and tell him, if he will

withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked his brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led that day that his brother and the Norwegian king and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son, were left dead upon the field.

The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers all covered with mire from riding far and fast came

hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

It was true. Duke William's ships had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of them had been wrecked. But now, encamped near Hastings, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong, on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to learn what was the strength of the Normans. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men will find those priests good soldiers," answered Harold, with a laugh.

In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called Battle. With

the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill. A wood lay behind them, and in their midst was the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones.

Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, was the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand the dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, — archers, foot soldiers, and horsemen, — was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle cry, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, “God’s Rood! Holy Rood!” The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who

rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he also fell; but then a third rode out and killed the Norman. This was in the beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, who, although fighting bravely, were soon overcome.

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their

battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank; and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn all over the ground.

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights now dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, who still remained round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke

and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among piles of dead — and Harold's banner, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood — and the duke's flag, with the three Norman lions upon it, kept watch over the field.

Upon the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterward founded an abbey, called Battle Abbey, which was a rich and splendid place through many a troubled year. But the first work that he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and you must know that this was a thing not easy for any man to do. He overran several counties; he burned many towns; he laid waste scores upon scores of miles of pleasant country; he destroyed a





Painting by John Cross.

## CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

great number of lives. At length the leading men among the English went to his camp and submitted to him. On Christmas day, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, under the title of William the First; but he is best known as William the Conqueror.

It was a strange coronation. One of the bishops who performed the ceremony asked the Normans, in French, if they would have Duke William for their king. They answered "yes." Another of the bishops put the same question to the Saxons in English. They, too, answered "yes," with a loud shout.

The noise, being heard by a guard of Norman horse soldiers outside, was mistaken for resistance on the part of the English. The guard instantly set fire to the houses near by, and a great tumult followed. Everybody was frightened, and all who could do so rushed out of the abbey. The king, being left alone with a few priests, was hurriedly crowned; and when the crown was placed on his head, he swore to govern the English as well as the best of their own monarchs had done.

## THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I,  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.  
The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,  
As up and down the beach we flit—  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud black and swift across the sky;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white lighthouses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach—  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;  
He starts not at my fitful song,  
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong,  
He scans me with a fearless eye.

Stanch friends are we, well-tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?  
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky,  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou little sandpiper and I?

— *By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

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### A SONG

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;  
There is ever a something sings alway:  
There's the song of the lark when the skies  
are clear,  
And the song of the thrush when the  
skies are gray.  
The sunshine showers across the grain,  
And the bluebird trills in the orchard  
tree;

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,  
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may  
hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —  
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
In the midnight black, or the mid-day  
blue :

The robin pipes when the sun is here,  
And the cricket chirrups the whole night  
through.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,  
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and  
sere ;

But whether the sun, or the rain, or the  
snow,

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,  
Be the skies above or dark or fair,  
There is ever a song that our hearts may  
hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—  
There is ever a song somewhere!

— From “*Afterwhiles*,” by permission of The Bowen-Merrill Co.

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## THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

DID you ever hear of the golden apples, that grew in the garden of the Hesperides? Ah, those were such apples as would bring a great price if any of them could be found growing in the orchards of nowadays! But there is not, I suppose, a graft of that wonderful fruit on a single tree in the wide world. Not so much as a seed of those apples exists any longer.

Children, nevertheless, used to listen, open-mouthed, to stories of the golden apple tree, and resolved to discover it, when they should be big enough. Adventurous young men, who desired to do a braver thing than any of their fellows, set out in quest of this fruit. Many of them returned no more; none of them brought back the apples. No wonder that they found it im-

possible to gather them! It is said that there was a dragon beneath the tree, with a hundred terrible heads, fifty of which were always on the watch, while the other fifty slept.

In my opinion it was hardly worth running so much risk for the sake of a solid golden apple. Had the apples been sweet, mellow, and juicy, indeed that would be another matter. There might then have been some sense in trying to get at them, in spite of the hundred-headed dragon.

At the time of which I am going to speak, a great hero was wandering through the pleasant land of Italy, with a mighty club in his hand, and a bow and quiver slung across his shoulders. He was wrapt in the skin of the biggest and fiercest lion that ever had been seen, and which he himself had killed. As he went on his way, he continually inquired whether that were the right road to the famous garden. But none of the country people knew anything about the matter, and many looked as if they would have laughed at the question, if the stranger had not carried so very big a club.



So he journeyed on and on, still making the same inquiry, until, at last, he came to the brink of a river where some beautiful young women sat twining wreaths of flowers.

"Can you tell me, pretty maidens," asked the stranger, "whether this is the right way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

On hearing the stranger's question, they dropped all their flowers on the grass, and gazed at him with astonishment.

"The garden of the Hesperides!" cried one. "And pray what do you want there?"

"A certain king, who is my cousin," replied he, "has ordered me to get him three of the golden apples."

"And do you know," asked the damsel, "that a terrible dragon, with a hundred heads, keeps watch under the golden apple tree?"

"I know it well," answered the stranger, calmly. "But, from my cradle upward, it has been my business to deal with serpents and dragons."

"Go back," cried they all, "go back to your own home! No matter for the golden apples! No matter for the king, your cruel

cousin! We do not wish the dragon with the hundred heads to eat you up!"

The stranger seemed to grow impatient. He carelessly lifted his mighty club, and let it fall upon a rock that lay half buried in the earth, near by. With the force of that idle blow the great rock was shattered all to pieces. It cost the stranger no more effort to do this than for one of the young maidens to touch her sister's rosy cheek with a flower.

"Perhaps you may have heard of me before," said he, modestly. "My name is Hercules."

"We had already guessed it," replied the maidens; "for your wonderful deeds are known all over the world. Come, sisters, let us crown the hero with flowers!"

Then they flung beautiful wreaths over his stately head and mighty shoulders, so that the lion's skin was almost entirely covered with roses. They took his ponderous club and entwined it about with the brightest, softest, and most fragrant blossoms.

And Hercules was rejoiced, as any other

hero would have been, to know that these fair young girls had heard of his valiant deeds. But still he was not satisfied.

“Dear maidens,” said he, “now that you know my name, will you not tell me how I am to reach the garden of the Hesperides?”

“Ah! must you go so soon?” they exclaimed.

Hercules shook his head.

“I must depart now,” said he.

“We will then give you the best directions we can,” replied the damsels. “You must go to the seashore, and find out the Old One, and compel him to inform you where the golden apples are to be found.”

“The Old One!” repeated Hercules, laughing at this odd name. “And, pray, who may the Old One be?”

“Why, the Old Man of the Sea, to be sure!” answered one of the damsels. “He has fifty daughters, who have sea-green hair, and taper away like fishes. You must talk with this Old Man of the Sea. He is a seafaring person, and knows all about the garden of the Hesperides; for it is situ-

ated in an island which he is often in the habit of visiting."

Hercules then asked whereabouts the Old One was most likely to be met with. When the damsels had informed him, he thanked them for all their kindness, and immediately set forth upon his journey.

But, before he was out of hearing, one of the maidens called after him : —

"Keep fast hold of the Old One when you catch him! Do not be astonished at anything that may happen. Only hold him fast, and he will tell you what you wish to know."

Hercules traveled constantly onward, over hill and dale, and through the solitary woods. Persons who happened to be passing through the forest must have been affrighted to see him smite the trees with his great club. With but a single blow the trunk was riven as by the stroke of lightning, and the broad boughs came rustling and crashing down.

Hastening forward, without ever pausing or looking behind, he by and by heard the sea roaring at a distance. At this sound

he increased his speed, and soon came to a beach, where the great surf waves tumbled themselves upon the hard sand in a long line of snowy foam. And what should Hercules espy there but an old man, fast asleep!

But was it really and truly an old man? Certainly, at first sight, it looked very like one; but, on closer inspection, it rather seemed to be some kind of a creature that lived in the sea. For, on his legs and arms, there were scales, such as fishes have; he was web-footed and web-fingered, after the fashion of a duck; and his long beard, being of a greenish tinge, had more the appearance of a tuft of seaweed than of an ordinary beard. But Hercules, the instant he set eyes on this strange figure, was convinced that it could be no other than the Old One, who was to direct him on his way.

Yes, it was the selfsame Old Man of the Sea whom the maidens had talked to him about. Thanking his stars for the lucky accident of finding the old fellow asleep, Hercules stole on tiptoe towards him, and caught him by the arm and leg.

“Tell me,” cried he, before the Old One

was well awake, "which is the way to the garden of the Hesperides?"

As you may easily imagine, the Old Man of the Sea awoke in a fright. All of a sudden he seemed to disappear out of Hercules' grasp, and he found himself holding a stag by the fore and hind leg! But still he kept fast hold. Then the stag disappeared, and in its stead there was a sea bird, fluttering and screaming, while Hercules clutched it by the wing and claw! But the bird could not get away. Immediately afterwards there was an ugly three-headed dog, which growled and barked at Hercules, and snapped fiercely at the hands by which he held him! But Hercules would not let him go. In another minute, instead of the three-headed dog, what should appear but Geryon, the six-legged man monster, kicking at Hercules with five of his legs, in order to get the remaining one at liberty! But Hercules held on. By and by, no Geryon was there, but a huge snake; and it twisted and twined about the hero's neck and body, and threw its tail high into the air, and opened its deadly jaws as if to

devour him outright. But Hercules was no whit disheartened, and squeezed the great snake so tightly that he soon began to hiss with pain.

You must understand that the Old Man of the Sea had the power of assuming any shape he pleased. When he found himself so roughly seized by Hercules, he had been in hopes of putting him into such terror that the hero would be glad to let him go. If Hercules had relaxed his grasp, the Old One would certainly have plunged down to the very bottom of the sea. But, as Hercules held on so stubbornly, and only squeezed the Old One so much the tighter at every change of shape, he finally thought it best to reappear in his own figure. So there he was again, a fishy, scaly, web-footed sort of personage, with something like a tuft of seaweed at his chin.

“Pray, what do you want with me?” cried the Old One. “Why do you squeeze me so hard? Let me go, this moment.”

“My name is Hercules!” roared the mighty stranger. “And you will never get out of my clutch, until you tell me



the nearest way to the garden of the Hesperides!"

When the old fellow heard who it was that had caught him, he saw, with half an eye, that it would be necessary to tell him everything that he wanted to know. He therefore made no more attempts to escape, but told the hero how to find the garden of the Hesperides.

"You must go on," said the Old Man of the Sea, "till you come in sight of a very tall giant, who holds the sky on his shoulders. And the giant, if he happens to be in the humor, will tell you exactly where the garden of the Hesperides lies."

Thanking the Old Man of the Sea, and begging his pardon for having squeezed him so roughly, the hero resumed his journey. He met with a great many strange adventures, but finally came to an island in the midst of the sea. And on that island what do you think he saw?

No; you will never guess it, not if you were to try fifty thousand times! This was the most marvelous spectacle that had ever been seen by Hercules, in the whole

course of his wonderful travels. It was a giant!

But such an intolerably big giant! A giant as tall as a mountain; so vast a giant that the clouds rested about his midst, like a girdle, and hung like a hoary beard from his chin. And, most wonderful of all, the giant held up his great hands and appeared to support the sky, which, so far as Hercules could discern through the clouds, was resting upon his head! Just then a breeze wafted away the clouds from before the giant's visage, and Hercules beheld it with all its enormous features; eyes each of them as big as yonder lake, a nose a mile long, and a mouth of the same width.

Poor fellow! He had evidently stood there a long while. An ancient forest had been growing and decaying around his feet; and oak trees, six or seven centuries old, had sprung from the acorn, and forced themselves between his toes.

The giant now looked down from the far height of his great eyes, and, perceiving Hercules, roared out, in a voice that resembled thunder: —

“Who are you, down at my feet there? And whence do you come?”

“I am Hercules!” thundered back the hero, in a voice pretty nearly or quite as loud as the giant’s own. “And I am seeking for the garden of the Hesperides!”

“Ho! ho! ho!” roared the giant, in a fit of immense laughter. “I am Atlas, the mightiest giant in the world! And I hold the sky upon my head!”

“So I see,” answered Hercules. “But, can you show me the way to the garden of the Hesperides?”

“What do you want there?” asked the giant.

“I want three of the golden apples,” shouted Hercules, “for my cousin, the king.”

“There is nobody but myself,” quoth the giant, “that can go to the garden of the Hesperides and gather the golden apples. If it were not for this little business of holding up the sky, I would make half a dozen steps across the sea and get them for you.”

“You are very kind,” replied Hercules.

“And cannot you rest the sky upon a mountain?”

“None of them are quite high enough,” said Atlas, shaking his head. “But, if you were to take your stand on the summit of that nearest one, your head would be pretty nearly on a level with mine. You seem to be a fellow of some strength. What if you should take my burden on your shoulders, while I do your errand for you?”

“Is the sky very heavy?” Hercules inquired.

“Why, not particularly so, at first,” answered the giant, shrugging his shoulders. “But it gets to be a little burdensome after a thousand years!”

“And how long a time,” asked the hero, “will it take you to get the golden apples?”

“Oh, that will be done in a few moments,” cried Atlas. “I shall take ten or fifteen miles at a stride, and be at the garden and back again before your shoulders begin to ache.”

“Well, then,” answered Hercules, “I will climb the mountain behind you there, and relieve you of your burden.”

Accordingly, without more words, the sky was shifted from the shoulders of Atlas, and placed upon those of Hercules.

When this was safely accomplished, the first thing that the giant did was to stretch himself; next, he slowly lifted one of his feet out of the forest that had grown up around it; then, the other. Then, all at once, he began to caper, and leap, and dance for joy at his freedom; flinging himself nobody knows how high into the air, and floundering down again with a shock that made the earth tremble. Then he laughed — Ho! ho! ho! — with a thunderous roar that was echoed from the mountains, far and near, as if they and the giant had been so many rejoicing brothers. When his joy had a little subsided, he stepped into the sea; ten miles at the first stride, which brought him mid-leg deep; and ten miles at the second, when the water came just above his knees; and ten miles more at the third, by which he was immersed nearly to his waist. This was the greatest depth of the sea.

Hercules watched the giant, as he still

went onward, until at last the gigantic shape faded entirely out of view. And now Hercules began to consider what he should do, in case Atlas should be drowned in the sea, or if he were to be stung to death by the dragon with the hundred heads. If any such misfortune were to happen, how could he ever get rid of the sky? And, by the by, its weight began already to be a little heavy on his head and shoulders.

“I really pity the poor giant,” thought Hercules. “If it wearies me so much in ten minutes, how must it have wearied him in a thousand years!”

He began to be afraid that the giant would never come back. For, of course, as you will easily understand, Hercules had an immense responsibility on his mind, as well as a weight on his head and shoulders. Why, if he did not stand perfectly still, and keep the sky immovable, the sun would perhaps be put ajar! Or, after nightfall, a great many of the stars might be loosened from their places, and shower down, like fiery rain, upon the people’s heads! And how ashamed would the hero be, if,

owing to his unsteadiness, the sky should crack! ☞

I know not how long it was before, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld the huge shape of the giant, like a cloud, on the far-off edge of the sea. At his nearer approach Atlas held up his hand, in which Hercules could perceive three magnificent golden apples, as big as pumpkins, all hanging from one branch.

"I am glad to see you again," shouted Hercules, when the giant was within hearing. "So you have got the golden apples?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered Atlas; "and very fair apples they are. I took the finest that grew on the tree."

"I heartily thank you for your trouble," replied Hercules. "And now, as I have a long way to go, and am rather in haste, — and as the king, my cousin, is anxious to receive the golden apples, — will you be kind enough to take the sky off my shoulders again?"

"Why, as to that," said the giant, tossing the golden apples into the air twenty miles high, or thereabouts, and catching them as



they came down, — “as to that, my good friend, I consider you a little unreasonable. Cannot I carry the golden apples to the king, your cousin, much quicker than you could? And, besides, I have no fancy for burdening myself with the sky just now.”

Here Hercules grew impatient, and gave a great shrug of his shoulders. It being now twilight, you might have seen two or three stars tumble out of their places. Everybody on earth looked upward in affright, thinking that the sky might be going to fall next. “Oh, that will never do!” cried Giant Atlas, with a great roar of laughter. “I have not let fall so many stars within the last five centuries. By the time you have stood there as long as I did, you will begin to learn patience!”

“What!” shouted Hercules, very wrathfully, “do you intend to make me bear this burden forever?”

“We will see about that one of these days,” answered the giant. “At all events, you ought not to complain, if you have to bear it the next hundred years, or perhaps the next thousand. I bore it a good while

longer, in spite of the backache. Well, then, after a thousand years, if I happen to feel in the mood, we may possibly shift about again."

"Well," cried Hercules, "just take the sky upon your head one instant, will you? I want to make a cushion of my lion's skin for the weight to rest upon."

"That's no more than fair, and I'll do it!" quoth the giant; for he had no unkind feeling toward Hercules. "For just five minutes, then, I'll take back the sky. Only for five minutes, recollect! I have no idea of spending another thousand years as I spent the last."

Ah, the thick-witted old rogue of a giant! He threw down the golden apples, and received back the sky, from the head and shoulders of Hercules, upon his own. And Hercules picked up the three golden apples, that were as big or bigger than pumpkins, and straightway set out on his journey homeward, without paying the slightest heed to the thundering tones of the giant, who bellowed after him to come back. Another forest sprang up around his feet, and

grew ancient there; and again might be seen oak trees, of six or seven centuries old, that had waxed thus aged betwixt his enormous toes. And there stands the giant to this day: or, at any rate, there stands a mountain as tall as he, and which bears his name; and when the thunder rumbles about its summit, we may imagine it to be the voice of Giant Atlas, bellowing after Hercules!

— *Adapted.*

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### NORSE LULLABY

EUGENE FIELD

THE sky is dark, and the hills are white,  
As the storm king speeds from the north to-  
night,

And this is the song the storm king sings,  
As over the world his cloak he flings:

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;”

He ruffles his wings, and gruffly sings:

“Sleep, little one, sleep.”

On yonder mountain side a vine  
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;  
The tree bends over the trembling thing

And only the vine can hear her sing :

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep —  
What shall you fear when I am here?  
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

The king may sing in his bitter flight,  
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,  
But the little snowflake at my breast  
Liketh the song I sing the best —

“Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep ;  
Weary thou art, anext my heart,  
Sleep, little one, sleep.”

—By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.



## DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine .  
And twinkle in the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line  
    Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
    Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:—  
A poet could not but be gay,  
    In such a jocund company;  
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
    In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
    Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

## NOTES

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### TWO BRASS KETTLES

**Dorchester.** Now a suburb of Boston.

**Fort House.** A house that was fortified for defense against the Indians.

### THE ANXIOUS LEAF

**And grew . . . of it** Took on the rich coloring of autumn.

### FABLE OF THE FOX AND THE CRANE

Fables are written with a distinct moral purpose. While it is not well to make this moral too prominent, the teacher should be sure that the children appreciate the underlying motive in the fable.

**To pay . . . coin.** How does this phrase come to have its meaning? Notice that this idiom is never used in the sense of returning good for good.

### THREE BUGS

**Withal.** With ; obsolete in this sense.

**Strength from his weakness drew.** Because he was so weak, he made all the stronger effort.

## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

**Little Prig.** You little proud thing. While the child has never used these words he has often felt toward another as the mountain felt toward the squirrel. Bring out the contemptuous manner of the mountain.

**Bun.** A pet name, usually applied to a rabbit.

**But all sorts . . . And a sphere.** Show the child that winter and summer, rain and shine, minerals and vegetables are all necessary to make up a world. The phrase *and a sphere* may be somewhat troublesome at the end of the sentence, but most of the class will catch its meaning if care is used. The consciousness of its own worth will color very strikingly the entire speech of the squirrel.

**You make a very pretty squirrel track.** You are a good place on which a squirrel track may be made.

**Talents differ.** Get the class to see the truth of this by pointing to their own peculiar talents.

**All is well and wisely put.** Everything is for the best.

## A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

**Donder and Blitzen.** German names for thunder and lightning.

## A SUMMER DAY

To bring out the details of the various pictures in this poem will be most interesting to the child and highly stimulating to his imagination.

**Wink.** Why used in this connection?



## THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

**Bong-tree and runcible.** These terms are coined for a mysterious and humorous effect.

## HANS IN LUCK

**Clave.** An archaic form for *clung*.

## FARMER JOHN

**Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent.** Mortgage = security for money loaned; stocks = shares in business corporations; ten per cent = the rate paid by an investment. A general term for high rates of interest on money loaned.

**Blowing.** Blossoming or in flower.

## A FABLE OF CLOUD-LAND

**As much as he can live.** As much as he can be.

**With thunder loud.** With great display.

**Keep.** Remain or live.

## BARBARA FRIETCHIE

**Frietchie** (*Frě'chē*).

**Flapped in the morning wind.** Note the contrast between *morning wind* and noon.

**Peace and order and beauty.** The sense becomes quite clear by inserting *may* before *peace*.

**Thy symbol of light and law.** The stars and stripes.

**Thy stars below.** The stars in the flag.

In the last three couplets the pupil must bear in mind that he is addressing the flag.

## BLACK BEAUTY

**Bran mash.** A mixture of bran and water.

**Niter.** A white salt; saltpeter.

**Stand.** A waiting place for cabs and other vehicles.

**Well-littered.** Thickly bedded with straw.

**Farrier.** A veterinary surgeon.

**Threepenny bit.** A coin equal in value to six cents.

**Park chair.** A two-wheeled vehicle drawn by one horse, used for pleasure-driving.

## BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

**King Bruce.** Robert the Bruce (1274-1329). A famous Scottish king, who defended his country against the English. He finally overthrew his enemies at the battle of Bannockburn.

**Native spot.** The place where he was born and which was his home.

## WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

For the proper reading of this poem, it is necessary to remember that it is a lullaby sung or spoken by a mother to her child in the cradle.

## ST. CHRISTOPHER AND THE CHRIST CHILD

**On their way to Jerusalem.** Whither they were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ.

HOW THE ATHENIANS FOUGHT THE  
PERSIANS

**King Cræsus** (*Krē'sūs*). A king of Lydia in Asia Minor, famous for his great riches.

**Across the water.** The Ægean Sea, the eastern end of the Mediterranean, between Asia Minor and Greece.  
**Zeus (Zūs).** The Greek name for Jupiter, the father of the gods.

**Pheidippides (Fī dīp'pī dēz).**

**Sparta.** A famous city in southern Greece.

**Miltiades (Mīl tī'a dēz).**

**Marathon.** A plain in northern Greece, about twenty miles from Athens, with the sea on one side, and rocky hills on the other.

### OLD AUNT MARY'S

**"Me and you."** Why are these words quoted?

**"Redheads."** Red-headed woodpeckers.

**"Raised."** A provincial term for *mounted* or *flew up*.

**"Clearing" sky.** Sky over a piece of ground from which the trees have been cut.

**Lolled.** To move lazily.

**"Tell the boys to come."** These are the words of a direct quotation and hence the quotation marks. In the cases noted above does the same reason apply?

### THE MILLER OF THE DEE

**Burden.** The repetition of the theme at the end of each stanza; the chorus or refrain.

**King Hal.** King Henry V. of England.

**Doffed.** Do off, take off; as, *donned* = do on, put on.

**Thy mill my kingdom's fee.** *Fee*, a legal term meaning absolute ownership. Hence the line = Thy mill is worth all my right in my kingdom.

## HOW THE SPARTANS FOUGHT AT THERMOPYLÆ

**Thermopylæ** (*Thēr mōp'ŷlē*). The *Hot Gates*, a celebrated pass in northern Greece. It was about a mile long, with the sea on one side and mountains on the other.

**Xerxes** (*Zērksēz*).

**Apol'lo**. The god of prophecy, who had a celebrated oracle at Delphi, in northern Greece.

**Leonidas** (*Lē ōn'ī dās*).

## A LEAK IN THE DIKE

**Dike**. Holland (the Lowlands) was protected from the sea by a line of walls, known as the dikes.

**Sluices**. Water gates.

**Turf**. Dried roots and earth used as fuel.

**Or they would not hold you long**. *You* refers to the angry waters mentioned above.

**Mortal fear**. The fear of death.

## ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

**May his tribe increase**. May there be many like him.

**Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold**. A clear conscience had removed from Ben Adhem all fear of the supernatural; and therefore he addressed the angel boldly. To bring this out to the child use some concrete illustration from the child's life, like the following, which, though simple, will strongly appeal to him. Suppose a boy has been reprimanded for pestering his sister. A few days later she comes in tears to her mother, who calls for William and says to him, "William, have you

been teasing your sister again?" To which, being this time innocent, he frankly replies, "No, mother, I have not." Now "exceeding peace had made young William bold." In the case of William's guilt, the manner of his reply in confessing it would be the very opposite of Ben Adhem's in his reply to the angel. The sense of guilt would have filled young William with shame and lack of confidence.

**A look made of all sweet accord.** *Accord* = harmony. Hence the meaning of the line: a look whose sweetness showed the fullest harmony with the divine will.

**Abou spake more low.** Why?

### A LIVING PLOW

The object in inserting this selection is to train the child in thought-getting. He should be led to study the selection carefully, with a view to telling it in his own words.

**Castings.** What is thrown off by the earthworm.

**Charles Darwin.** One of the greatest modern scientists.

### ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

**The green fields below him.** By supplying *with* at the beginning of this line, the meaning will be clear.

While we must avoid sing-song in this poem, we must yet aim to bring out its suggestive rhythm.

The child has derived very little good from his study of this selection unless he appreciates and expresses the exultant joy in nature, with which the poem is filled.

## HIAWATHA'S SAILING

**Hīawa'tha.** Cheemaun'. A birch canoe.  
**Taquamē'naw.** Moon of Leaves. May.  
**Gheezis.** The sun. **Pauwāting.** Sault Sainte Marie.  
**Robes of darkness.** Dark foliage.  
**My beauty.** His birch canoe.  
**And two stars . . . bósom.** What is the image here?

## MY HEART LEAPS UP

These lines express the poet's wish that his early love for nature may never die. Read this poem again in connection with *Daffodils*.

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

**Became quite red . . . with passion.** Referring to the color of his comb, as if it were due to his anger.

## THE INCHCAPE ROCK

The succession of pictures and the clearness with which they are drawn make this poem particularly valuable in developing the imagination.

**Abbot of Ab'erbrothok.** The difficulty in the enunciation of this phrase is a serious one to the child, and has sometimes been found a real obstruction to good reading. Write the phrase on the black-board and drill the class in its enunciation.

## THE FOUNTAIN

Vivacity will be imparted to the child's reading, when he understands that the poem is a direct address to the fountain.

**Still seeming best.** In connection with the preceding line = Thou art glad in all weathers, for each in turn seems the best.

## HOW DUKE WILLIAM MADE HIMSELF KING

**Rouen.** A city in France.      **God's Rood.** God's Cross.  
**Westminster Abbey.** A famous cathedral in London.

## THE SANDPIPER

**The wild waves . . . hands.** What is the picture here?  
**Close-reefed vessels.** With sails furled tightly as possible.  
**Fitful song, i.e.** of the writer, as in her *fluttering drapery*  
 she walks along the shore.  
**Canst thou fly.** *Thou* is emphatic through contrast.

## THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES

**Hesperides** (*Hěs pěr'ĩ děz*). The daughters of Hesperus.  
**Old Man of the Sea.** Nereus (*Ně'roos*), father of the fifty Nereids, the nymphs of the Mediterranean.  
**Atlas.** A giant who was condemned to bear the heavens upon his shoulders.  
**Hercules** (*Hěr'kū lěz*). The most celebrated hero of antiquity, famous for his enormous strength.

## DAFFODILS

Careful experiment has shown that this poem can be taught to young children. Before it is read aloud, the pictures should be made clear to the mind, and the few difficult passages explained. The first four lines of the last stanza present the greatest difficulty; but with a little care the "wealth" mentioned in the preceding stanza can be shown to be simply the pleasure of memory, which the child himself has often felt.





